

CLUB LIFE AMONG COLORED WOMEN. BY PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

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THE NEGRO RACE.



MRS. BIRDIE HIGH,
St. Paul, Minn.

See page 299.

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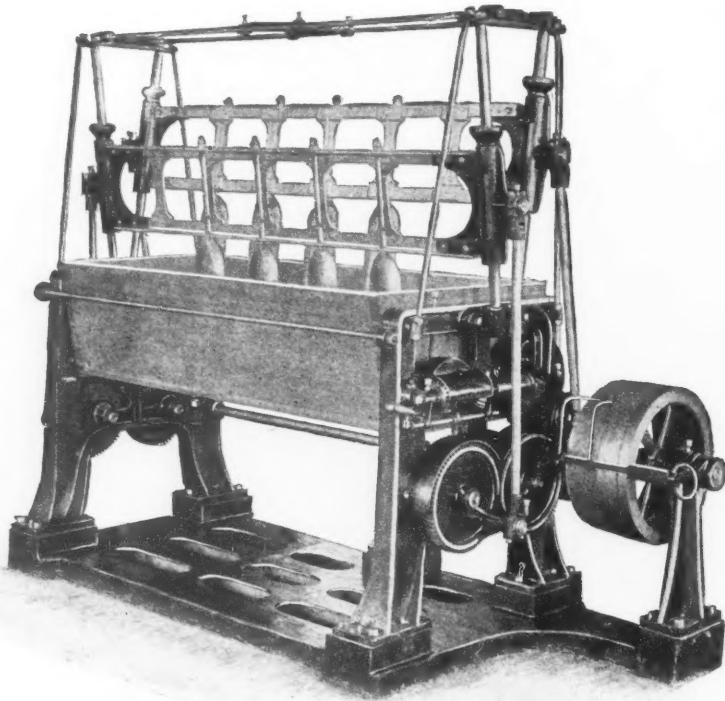
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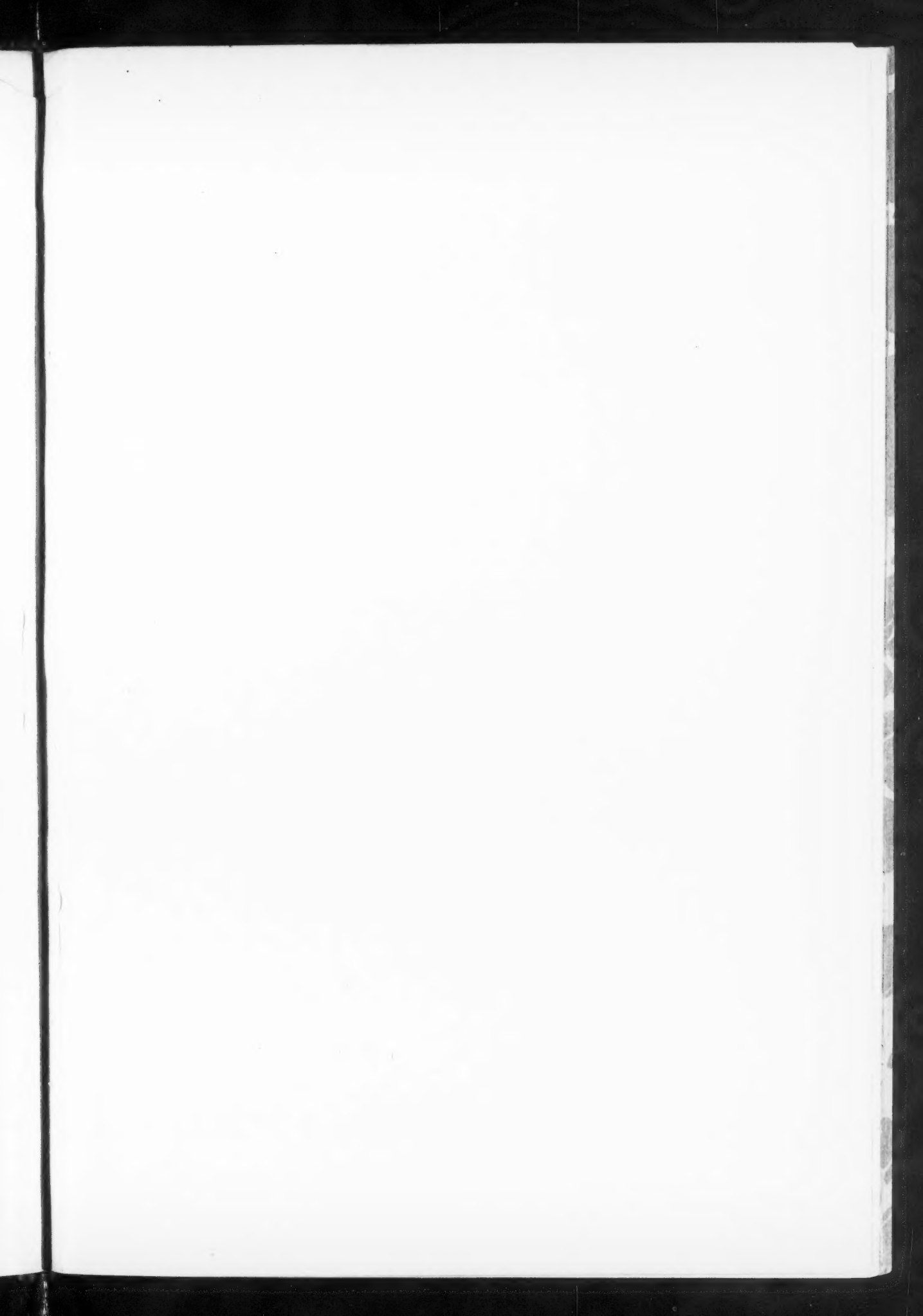
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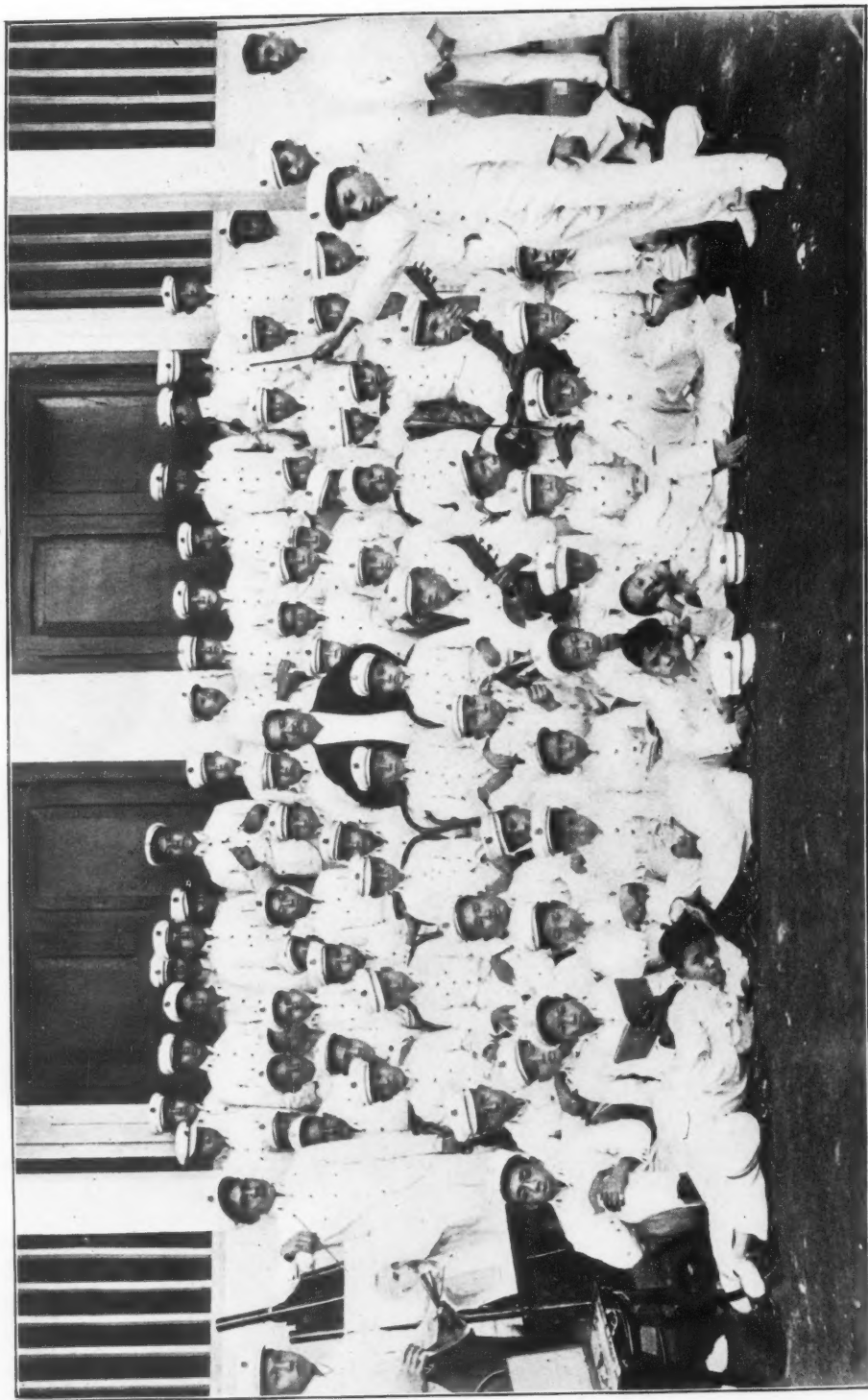


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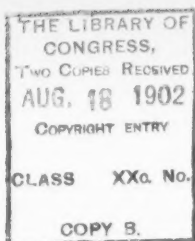
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A SECTION OF THE "LICEO DE MANILA" (Manila Lyceum).

See page 244.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 4

LOVE'S WAYFARING.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Do you remember, love—
How long ago it seems—
When by the pebbled cove,
Our sweet, fair dreams
Took wing?

How long it is—
What wasted years between;
What untouched hours of bliss,
And unlived dream—
Time's sting!

Were not the high tides sweet!
The sails upon the stream—
The billows' bounding beat,
The seagull's scream
And swing.

What murmuring music rose
From zephyr's low tuned chords,
To which in Love's repose
Our hearts made words
To sing.

Ah, sweet, where is Love gone?
To what bourne west or east,
Shall you and I alone
Bide his behest
Wayfaring?

All days and nights shall we
 Clothe our sad hearts in dreams—
 Nurse bitter hopes that be
 Of rents and seams
 That wring?

Alas, what Time will bring,
 We know not in what way.
 Perchance in some soft Spring
 Our roads will cross one day,
 And Love-like doves will wing.

TWO YEARS IN LUZON.

III. PREPARATIONS FOR CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

THEOPHILUS G. STEWARD, Chaplain, U. S. A.

My connection with the school-work was early brought to a close by the promulgation of an act of the Civil Commission passed January 21, 1901, which divided these islands into ten school divisions, placing a superintendent over each division; thus eliminating the schools entirely from military oversight and control, and placing them under the jurisdiction of the civil authorities. Short as was my term of service in the field, it was to me full of interest, and I relinquished it not without a feeling of some regret.

One of the two ideas which I particularly laid before the people was that there should be established in Iba, the capital of the province, a school of higher grade, in which the natural sciences and advanced mathematics should be taught, and to which the advanced pupils from the other pueblos could be sent; that the building necessary for this school should be constructed at the expense of the province and of the pueblo of Iba, and should be two stories in height and large enough to contain eight rooms, the four lower rooms to be used as a Public School for Iba, and the four upper rooms as an Institute or High School for the province. I found this idea very acceptable to the people, and everywhere they manifested a willingness to sub-

scribe money and material for the building. The second idea was, the holding of a convention in Iba to consider this matter, and to promote the general work of education in the province. This also met with generous support. Incidentally, also, I spoke of the necessity of a weekly paper to be published in Iba devoted to the interests of the province, and concerning itself especially with agriculture and the forests, but also dealing with education, politics, and social affairs. I recommended also the establishment of saw mills, and the purchase and use of rice-hulling machines. On all these subjects I found sufficient interest; but the unquiet state of the country prevented much practical thought with regard to them.

As I was bringing my school visits to a close, the Federal Party began its work of organizing in this province, and under the lead of Senor Camara, Manuel Alberto and others, all the towns were brought in line before the close of March, and the province was prepared for civil government. As my readers may not have seen the platform of this party, I here transcribe its most prominent principles:—

Preliminary Period.

1. Recognition of the sovereignty of the United States, which shall be repre-

sented in these islands by a liberal government, democratic and representative.

2. Individual rights, liberties and guaranties of person, property and domicile, with freedom of worship, and complete separation of church and state.

4. Municipal self-government, substantially as in the United States; and provincial, or departmental government, subject only to the oversight of the central government.

Constitutional Period.

1. The Filipino people to have five representatives in Washington, near the Congress and Government of the Union, who shall abide in Washington. It shall be one of the propositions of the Federal Party to ask the Congress of the U. S. to pass an act favorable to this object.

2. House of Representatives elected by suffrage, in the same manner that councils and alcaldes are elected, propor-



SAN JUAN BRIDGE, WHERE FIRST SHOT BETWEEN UNITED STATES TROOPS AND FILIPINOS WAS FIRED.

5. Primary elementary instruction shall be free and gratuitous, and under the direction of the territorial government, and in conformity with the laws passed by the legislative body, which in this preliminary period consists of the Civil Commission, and which later shall be composed of a house and a senate.

6. The creation of an armed militia, for the preservation of order and the security of person and property against criminals.

7. Public employes to be selected on the basis of aptitude, loyalty to the constituted authority, and rigorous morality.

tioned to the qualified electors of each province or department.

3. A Senate, one half of its members to be elected in the senatorial districts by the alcaldes of the pueblos in conformity with a law to be prescribed, and the other half appointed by the Governor-General. The House and Senate shall form the Territorial Congress.

4. The Governor-General to be appointed by the President of the United States; Department Governors appointed by the Governor-General, with the approval of the Government at Washington; Governors of Provinces appointed

also by the Governor-General with the advice and consent of the Senate (local).

10. The territory of the Philippine Islands can be considered as one of the states of the Union; but never can be ceded by the United States to any foreign power whatever.

In passing from the school work I stop a moment to summarize what I have seen, heard and learned. The schools, as I have said, are divided into three sections, or grades, covering the whole ground of primary instruction as planned especially by the Weyler Government; for neither people nor teachers at that time had any idea of any other system. Above this primary instruction, *Segunda Ensenanza*, or secondary instruction, is provided for by the law, but no such school has ever existed in this province. We can now get at the facts as to education in this province at least.

In the first section of the school are placed those who are learning the alphabet and beginning to spell; in the second section, those who study the church prayers and begin to write, the boys also learning arithmetical tables; the third section takes in those who have learned to write, and who besides study Spanish grammar, arithmetic and some geography. The entire curriculum excepting the writing and the work of the first section, is found in one little text-book known as the "Monitor." This one little book is the compendium of all that the average Spanish child is to know—history, sacred and profane, natural science, mathematics, theology, geography—in a word, all knowledge. As it is easily mastered, the natural tendency is to leave the mind undeveloped, and at the same time filled with vain conceits. Knowing all there is in the book on a given science, the poor child fancies he knows all of that particular science. The system of primary instruction is very poor; the results obtained meagre; and the state of education very low, much lower than at first appeared; as I shall now proceed to show.

Throughout the province, so far as I have visited it, there is not now, nor ever has been, a newspaper or a printing of-

fice; a public library, or any books of any consequence in private houses outside of less than a score of families; and to know how to read Spanish, with the ability to write it, is regarded as an education. The great burden and work of the schools has been to teach the words of the church service, not the ideas or the thoughts. In examining children who could rattle off the prayers, both Latin and Spanish, with great rapidity, and who could read with laborious correctness long Spanish words, I have sometimes asked questions in order to test their knowledge of the meaning of the words, and in almost every case this knowledge has been NIL, the teachers promptly coming to the rescue of their pupils by explaining to me that they did not understand the lessons they were reading; or at best that they understood but little. In one instance a child read the word for a spring of water, *manantial*; and to my question, "What is a *manantial*?" her answer was, "No sabe, Senor."

My first experience in these islands as to the knowledge of geography possessed by people under Spanish rule was with a Mexican, and before I had seen the "Monitor." In speaking of geography, he asked me how it was divided. I said it might be divided in several ways, according to the purpose or plan of the person teaching it; we may speak of mathematical geography, physical geography, descriptive geography, historical, and political geography, etc. "No," he replied, "geography is divided into three parts; geography astronomical, geography physical, geography political." This was said with absolute confidence as the ultimate dictum on the subject. I afterward learned that this was quoted textually from the authoritative "Monitor." Hence in beginning the study of geography the child's first question is: "What are stars or heavenly bodies?" and the answer for his infantile mind to grasp is: "Enormous isolated globes which shine in infinite space vulgarly called sky, either with their own proper light or by the reflection of that which they receive from other stars." The whole

teaching about the United States in this book consists of ten lines of about ten words to a line—one hundred words. As I passed through the schools I found very few pupils who had any conception of the form of the earth, or who could give the proportions of land and water on its surface, name the continents, or the oceans.

In arithmetic pupils are taught the four fundamental operations and how to apply them to fractions, with something

an average, and noting the absence of books, we may reasonably infer the intellectual condition of the country.

The state of industry is on a par with that of the schools, and schooling. Agriculture as an art is well understood, and as a science it has been taught to some extent in a special school in Manila; but the agricultural laborer is a slave, and the tools with which he works are apparently from Abraham's days. His plow has one handle; he plants and harvests



STREET SCENE IN A NATIVE FILIPINO TOWN.

of proportion and concrete numbers; but never get beyond the primary or elementary stage; and even in this, they get very little elaboration. In grammar they are usually proficient so far as the conjugations and use of gender are concerned, and make a better showing here than in the other branches. In writing they are superior. It is this fact that has created so favorable an impression for them. Almost any ordinary looking man can execute for himself a highly pretentious signature, embellished, if not practically wreathed, with flourishes entirely beyond the efforts of the common laborer of America. Taking the state of education as exhibited in this province as

by hand; threshes, hulls, and grinds, in the same way. Everywhere one sees skill and ingenuity; and with freedom the country would go ahead as suddenly as did Japan; but as yet it is bound in chains and fetters. Rice is the bread of the country, with corn as a luxury; these grains, mixed with fish and a little meat, make up the diet. The meats eaten are pork, beef, goat and deer.

In bamboo work the natives have reached what appears to be the climax. It is hard to say what a native cannot do, given bamboo, rattan or behuca and his one tool, the bolo. He is also a good worker in wood, especially carving, although perhaps not the equal of the

people of India in polishing and inlaying; in pottery he is a successful worker, although apparently having but few designs. In stone and in the metals, in sculpture, painting and music, in house and naval architecture, in seamanship and machinery, he appears to have average aptitude. In literature, both solid and light, he has his representatives, and under an enlightened government would doubtless develop oratory.

The leading or staple productions of the country are rice, hemp, tobacco and the products of the cocoa nut tree, with also a large sugar interest. The power used in all operations, so far as I have seen, are the human force, carabao and steam. I have seen no water power. All of the timber sawing I have seen has been done by hand, men slowly converting a log into boards by the old whip-saw process. The timber is very hard, and some of it of fine grain, especially beautiful for furniture, some trees growing so large that it is possible to make a long dining table, or a round table six feet in diameter, from a single piece.

The cultivation of rice may be put down as first in importance, and to this I now devote a few paragraphs. Rice grows in the valleys, the plant requiring much water. The ground is plowed and pulverized and the rice having first been sown in beds, is transplanted by hand and put out from one to three plants in a hill, the hills being from four to six inches apart. This work is done chiefly by women, in some parts solely by women, because it is said, "The women know better how to do it." In laboring the women do not stoop, but squat, resting the weight of their bodies upon their bent legs, and leaving their hands and arms free. The plant after being set out receives no further care beyond irrigation, until harvest time. It is then gathered and ricked.

The threshing and hulling processes could be better understood by pictures than by description, but unfortunately I was unable to secure good photographs. The threshing floor is arranged according to the old Biblical custom of treading out the grain; but the Filipinos do not

observe the Mosaic commandment: "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn;" or else they do not regard the commandment as applying to carabaos treading out rice, for they tie the mouths of the poor animals most effectively. This mouth-tying is one of their special accomplishments; by this method they can reduce a pig, a hog, or a dog to absolute silence. The beating out and winnowing of rice are processes easily understood, but very laborious, the work being done almost wholly by women and girls, a man sometimes aiding materially by industriously picking a guitar, to the music of which the women keep time with their heavy wooden pestles.

From the foregoing remarks, loosely made, respecting industry and education, it may be seen that the administering class in matters of government, would naturally be small. I think, however, on the other hand, that the people are easily governed, have great respect for law and authority, and in the provinces commit very few faults. They are never drunk and disorderly; never riotous and noisy; they are not divided into antagonistic factions and races as is often said; but on the contrary, are profoundly unified.

Of the Igorrotes, I know but little beyond the fact that neither they nor the Negritos have been brought over to the Christian faith, from which fact Pedro Paterno draws an additional argument in support of his theory that the germs of Christianity existed among the Tagalogs long before the Spaniards came; thus making it a comparatively simple process for this class of natives to enter the church; but that these germs did not exist among the Igorrotes and Negritos, and Spain has consequently failed to convert them. Both races are expert bowmen. Among the Negritos or the Blacks, there is a most interesting marriage custom, I am told. When all arrangements are satisfactorily made, the young woman takes a position, facing the young man at proper distance, with a short piece of bamboo under her left arm, arranged so as by its being hollow it shall be possible for an arrow to pass

through it between her arm and body, and of course near her heart. The young man takes his bow and arrow and has only one trial. If the arrow misses its mark, he cannot marry; if he should kill the young woman, he is immediately killed. The result of this rule is to make them very fine bowmen.

Gilbertism.

"Oh, Gilbert, there go the men; they are going out on a hike. Don't you want to go?"

and then some 'cruit would let go his piece. Bimeby the Cap'n come tearin' back frothin' at the mouth. 'What in the h—— are you shooting at?' he asked. 'Oh,' said the 'cruits laughin', 'Cap'n, we jes' want to warm 'em up; warm 'em up; want to warm 'em up, Cap'n.' Well, when we did get where there was likely to be fightin' and were takin' our places and gittin' down, one 'cruit fired his piece with the muzzle so near my ear that he deafened all that side of my head. I



A NATIVE HOME IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLANDS.

"Let 'em go, and the Lord go with 'em; no more hikin' for me; and I never want to git in no more scrimmages 'long with 'cruits."

"Why, what's the matter with recruits, Gilbert?"

"Well, lemme tell you; we was marchin' on a trail, and we thought we was gettin' near the enemy, and every now

tried to turn away from him, and was lyin' with my face close to the ground, when another 'cruit ups and fires into the ground right in front of my face, and filled my eyes full of dirt, blinding me. No sir; no more fightin' with 'cruits for me. I aint afraid of these poor, weak-minded Filipinos, but I am afraid of 'cruits."



SOME LEADING CHEFS OF THE "SMOKY CITY."

THOMAS S. EWELL.

Much has been written of late concerning men of our race who, in their respective callings, have achieved success.

So to-day in the twentieth century while the culinary art has advanced with civilization, and experts have been im-



THOMAS R. MOSS, PITTSBURG, PA.

See page 252.

And there is hardly a line of work in the great category of industrial pursuits where colored men do not figure conspicuously. Each has its quota of skilled hands from the negro race. And in each has the black man proved equal to the emergency.

For many centuries in the South land representatives of the race have been the presiding geniuses in the culinary department, where they have shown, not only their ability, but have proved forever their fidelity and trust.

ported from France and Germany, we still find the Negro measuring arms with the best, here and there, throughout the country.

Hence in this capacity we are glad to present to our readers sketches of some of our leading chefs of the city of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Hiram S. Chinn, chef at Goetman's restaurant, is a native of Baltimore. At an early age he entered the public schools of Washington, D. C., where he gained the rudiments of educa-

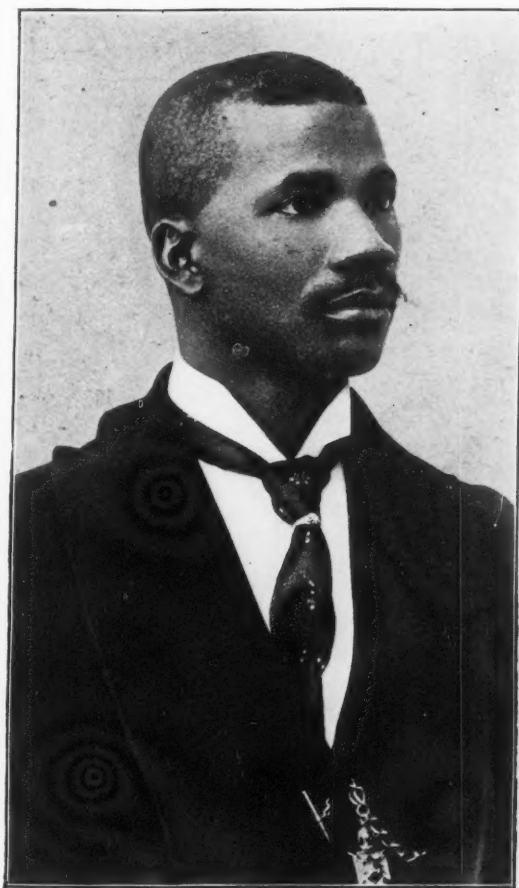
tion. Being naturally of an active turn of mind, at still an early age we find him with the firm of Strange & Clark, at Washington, laying the foundation in the trade in which he has since made his mark.

In 1874 Mr. Chinn came to Pittsburg; and after working a number of years with some of the leading firms of the

at a few intervals, for about seven years.

A visit to Mr. Chinn's department would convince anyone that it requires not only a man thoroughly acquainted with his business, but one who has executive ability to look after a force as large as the one under Mr. Chinn's management.

Mr. Chinn is an active member of



HIRAM S. CHINN, PITTSBURG, PA.

"Smoky City," he accepted a position with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. A few years later he secured employment with the Pulman Palace Car Company, where he remained several years, traveling extensively, and gaining a better knowledge of his profession.

Returning to Pittsburg a few years later, he accepted a position at Goetman's where he has been employed, excepting

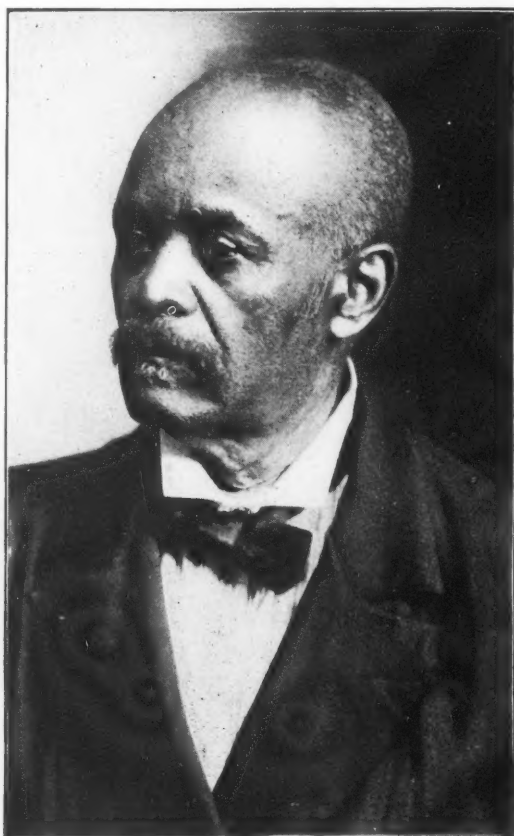
Wylie Avenue A. M. E. Church, and has held many important offices. He is also well up in Masonic circles, having been a member of Cyrene Commandery, No. 9, and of Sheba Chapter, for ten years, and a member of Golden Shield for fifteen years.

Mr. Thomas R. Moss was born at Richmond, Va., March 4th, 1862. At the age of eight years his parents moved to Washington City, where

young Moss was placed in the public schools. In 1876 he began active life in the Arlington Hotel, gaining the first knowledge in the line in which he has since become master.

In 1879 he went to Cornellville, Pa., and later entered the employment of a railroad company. Here he began a tour which lasted for many years, dur-

Mr. Peter S. Jones, chef at McCarthy's Cafe, is a native of Louisville, Ky. He was born at a time when the curse of slavery still hung heavily over the American nation, when hope could hardly be dreamed of. Yet from amid such surroundings he came forth to take his place in the great drama of life.



PETER S. JONES, PITTSBURG, PA.

ing which time he visited nearly every point of interest in the United States and in British Columbia.

A few years ago he settled permanently in Pittsburg and accepted the position of second chef at Goetman's, where he is still employed.

Mr. Moss is a strong believer in the ultimate success of the race. He is of a progressive mind, and his wide experience, together with his congenial manner, makes him an entertaining and interesting conversationalist.

In 1851 Mr. Jones began life in Pittsburg amid environments but a little better than slavery, for at that time a Negro in the North was but an escaped animal, liable to be hunted down at any moment and taken back to his master. Yet after a few years we find Jones holding responsible positions with some of the best firms of Pittsburg at that time. And it can be truthfully said that it was Peter S. Jones who opened the way for colored cooks in the "Smoky" City.

Mr. Jones began life as a waiter, but at twenty-one had mastered the culinary art, and had become a first class chef. Before the war of '61 he spent a number of years on the steamer sailing between New Orleans and Louisville. Here he became acquainted with many important events connected with the Civil War, having been an eye witness

schooling, having been left to shift for himself at the age of twelve.

About fifteen years ago Mr. Sutton began life as a cook on the steamer "Idaho", then sailing from Buffalo to Duluth, Minn. Later he spent a few years in the West, but in 1888 came to Pittsburg and accepted a position with the Westinghouse Electric Company



WILLIAM E. MASON, PITTSBURG, PA.

See page 254.

to many scenes which now form the most tragic part of American history.

Mr. Jones is prominent in Masonic circles, and has been a member of Avery Mission Church and trustee for many years. He owns valuable real estate in Allegheny, Pa., and is one of the city's oldest and most respected citizens.

Mr. Samuel H. Sutton, chef at Germey's restaurant, was born at Salem, O., March 18th, 1860. His early life was spent on a farm. He had but little

at Wilmerding, where he remained two years. His next move was to Chicago, where he was employed during the World's Fair. Returning to Pittsburg a few years later, he accepted a position as assistant chef at Goetman's. Two years later he was chosen chef for Joseph Horn & Company, which position he held until he accepted his present one at Germey's.

Mr. Sutton is a prominent Mason, and quite a worker in secret societies.

Of late he has dealt considerably in real estate.

Mr. William E. Mason was born at Carlyle, Pa., November 4th, 1864. He was educated in the public schools of his native town. He started life upon a lower scale than did most of us, receiving fifty cents per week for his first employment.

many of the best cafes and club houses in the City of Pittsburg, among which are the University Club, Oil City Exchange, and Graham's hotel and cafe, where he is still employed as chef.

While he has spared no pains to achieve success in his chosen field, he has found time to study music, in which he has become quite proficient,



SAMUEL H. SUTTON, PITTSBURG, PA.

See page 253.

His next and more lucrative employment was with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. But desiring to get something on which he could rely as a better means for a livelihood, he learned the trade of baker, and for a number of years conducted a thriving bakery in partnership with two other young men. He finally severed connection with the firm and started out as a cook. In this line he has made a splendid success. He has been employed with

especially in vocal music. He is a member of Wylie Avenue A. M. E. Church, and has held many important offices, his musical ability enabling him to be a valuable worker.

Mr. Mason has acquired valuable real estate in Pittsburg and in Wilkensburg. He has the interest of the race at heart, is a willing worker in whatever cause he feels to be a worthy one, and truly deserves a place among our rising young men.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

JAS. A. BROWNE.

The path of life is thick beset with woes
 Innumerable, and our friendly foes,
 Once our affections gained, unmask deceit
 Hard by the place where love and wisdom meet.
 Bewailing follows grief and sore regret—
 The lot of all who wisdom's laws forget.

So may discretion urge thy soul to give
 Its chiefest love to Heaven while yet you live;
 Then should affliction make thy steps to pause,
 Thou shalt endure it for a nobler cause.

But Heaven assures its own peculiar race
 No evil can come nigh their dwelling place;
 The noisome pestilence, the fowler's snare,
 The thousand ills that would annoy us here,
 Are rendered harmless by the shield of youth—
 The quite impregnable defense of truth.

Thus base ambitions yield their deadly power
 To aspirations high, whose fragrant flowers
 Perfume our prayers, our fleeting joys extend,
 And bring the fellowship of better friends.

MRS. WILLIAM SCOTT.

SPECIAL AGENT AND LECTURER.

Owing to the illness among the members of our editorial staff, our readers were deprived of the privilege of viewing Mrs. Scott's portrait in the columns of our July number; it affords us great pleasure therefore to present to them in this issue a fine cut of this talented woman.

Mrs. Scott is not, and has never been, an evangelist, but is famous as a SPECIAL AGENT and LECTURER of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, the first Negro ever employed in such capacity by the rich and influential society.

Fiske University was built largely by the Negro Jubilee Singers; Hampton secures thousands annually by the singing and speaking in Northern Churches

of its Negro and Indian Students. Tuskegee Institute gets a hundred thousand dollars a year chiefly through the personal appeals of its eloquent Principal, Booker T. Washington. It is confidently believed and hoped that the great schools maintained by the American Baptist Home Mission Society for the Negro of the South, will be greatly helped by the service of Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Scott has a glorious opportunity, through her contact with the masses of the white race, to prove to them the fallacy of the degeneration of our race; as she is a living example of true womanly and christian development, and her speeches ring with convincing truths, which cannot be disputed.



MRS. WILLIAM SCOTT,
Special Agent and Lecturer.

See "The Colored American Magazine," July, 1902, Page 227.

WINONA.*

A TALE OF NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO X.

About 1840 a white man appeared in Buffalo, N. Y., and joined his fortunes with the Indian tribes of that section, finally becoming their chief with the name of White Eagle, and making his home on an island in Lake Erie.

Buffalo was the last and most important station of the underground railroad. Among the fugitives was a handsome slave girl whom the chief married; she died, leaving him a daughter, Winona. Another fugitive died, leaving a male child whom the chief adopted, by the name of Judah. The children passed their childhood in hunting, fishing and attending the public schools.

In 1855 Warren Maxwell, an Englishman, came to America for his law firm in search of the heir to the Carlingford estates, which were left without an heir, the legal claimant having fled to America to escape a charge of murder. Maxwell arrives at Buffalo in a heavy storm, and stops at a hostelry kept by Mr. Ebenezer Maybee. In the night Winona and Judah bring the news that White Eagle has shot himself. The two men return to the island with the children; find the chief dead, and the verdict is murder by unknown parties. The children are friendless; Maxwell is greatly interested in them, and proposes taking them back to England with him. He leaves Buffalo for a few weeks, and upon his return finds that the children have been claimed by their mothers' owners under the Fugitive Slave Act, and taken to Missouri.

Two years later Maxwell visits the plantation of Colonel Titus, still searching for heirs to the Carlingford estates, on which Titus has a distant claim, and there he finds Winona and Judah. Judah visits him by night, and tells of the cruelties he has suffered. Winona and he are to be taken to St. Louis the next week and sold. They plan an escape. Maxwell agrees to meet them on steamer.

While waiting their arrival Maxwell meets Mr. Maybee, and learns that he is bound for Kansas, to assist the Free Soilers in swinging Kansas into the list of free states. Warren tells him the story of the children, and asks his advice.

Maybee proposes an escape by the underground railroad to John Brown's camp in Kansas.

The fugitives after escaping from steamer gain the shelter of Parson Steward's cabin, a station of the underground railroad. In the morning they start for John Brown's camp, where they leave Mr. Maybee, Winona and Judah. Maxwell and Steward start on the return trip, the former promising to rejoin them on the trip to Canada. The next night the two men are attacked by the "Rangers" under Thomson. Steward is killed and Maxwell made prisoner.

CHAPTER X (Concluded).

From the town came the ringing of bells set in motion when the party landed, still startling the night with their brazen clamor. The wildest excitement prevailed—armed riders dashed recklessly up and down in front of the place of execution, yelling, cursing, threatening.

The most trivial incidents accompany the progress of death. Warren noticed the faint light of the morning chasing away the stars. His keen sight lost not one change in the landscape. Children were in the crowd worming their way among the promiscuous legs and arms in

the endeavor to gain a peep at the proceedings; one wee tot had fallen over backwards felled by the unexpected movement of the particular legs that obstructed his view. Warren was conscious of a deep sense of pity for the infants whom ignorance tortured from childhood's simple holiness as cruelly as the mob was about to torture him. There came to him then a realizing sense of all the Immortal Son must have suffered on His way to Golgotha to die a shameful death through the ignorance and cruelty of a heartless world. If the story of the crucifixion had at times presented difficulties to an inquiring, analytical mind, this experience cleared away the shadows and the application of the story of the Redeemer came to him as a live coal from the altar of Infinite Truth.

The crew of the ferry-boat was hurrying forward with the wood stored aboard for the fires under the boilers; sounds of chopping came to his ears above the yells and shouts of the mob, and reverberated along the edges of the sky. Men were chopping fuel, others ran with arm-loads of it to build around the stake which had the festive air of a May-pole. Another group thought that the spectacle needed illumination at its beginning and were heaping fuel on a camp-fire, and its crackle could be heard almost as far as its light reached.

Men swaggered about with vast bluster and deep curses, howling for the sacrifice, quenching their thirst and fanning their fury anew at a temporary bar in the wagon where an enterprising individual was dispensing drinks to the crowd at a nominal price.

The sky overhead began to assume a roseate tinge. Swarming figures became more and more distinct. The fragrant wind encroaching from the woods, bringing its sweet odors, swept the smoke sidewise like an inverted curtain.

All was ready. There came a deafening cheer when Thomson moved pomp-

ously forward and with a theatrical gesture applied the torch; then followed silence deep and breathless as they waited to gloat over the victim's first awful shriek of agony.

The flames rose. Warren ground his teeth, determined to die and make no moan to please and gratify the crowd. The sweat of physical anguish and faintness moved in drops on his forehead. His face was distinctly visible in the fierce glare. His arms were bound down against his sides, the wounded one causing him frightful torture. His shirt was open at the throat, showing the ivory firmness of his chest and the beating pulse in the white brawn. As the flames gathered headway the sky grew brighter and the shadows melted away; the crowing of cocks came faintly, above the horrid din, borne on the young morning air.

Suddenly off to the right came the sound of galloping hoofs. So imperative was the clatter that the attention of the crowd was forced for a moment from the victim at the stake.

On, on swept the riders in mad haste to the scene of torture, now distinctly visible through the cloud of dust that had at first partially concealed them from view; and now they rose in their stirrups shouting and waving their hats as if in warning. The fiends about the funeral pile made way for the cavalcade which was headed by Colonel Titus. All the party wore the uniform of State constables. "Halt!" cried the Colonel as he sprang from his horse at the edge of the crowd and cleared the open space immediately in front of the sign-post at one bound, followed by his companions. The crowd fell back respectfully. He and his men kicked the blazing wood from the stake, and scattered it with hands and feet as far as they could throw it. His own clothing smoked, and his face flamed with the exertion. The colonel cut Warren's bonds, while his men continued to stamp out the fire. The crowd watched them in sullen silence.

"Fools!" he shouted, when at length the fire's headway was subdued, "what are you doing?"

"Burning a nigger-thief," shouted Gideon Holmes in reply.

"None of your monkeyin', Bill Thomson; speak up. You had charge of this affair," said Titus, not deigning to notice Holmes. Bill answered with a vile oath.

The crowd stood about in curious clusters. As the fire died down, the dawn became more pronounced. The brutal carnival seemed about to die out with the darkness as quickly as it had arisen.

"And you have been allowing your men to do that which will put us in the power of every Northern mudsill of an abolitionist, and eventually turn the tide which is now in our favor, against us!" The Colonel wheeled about and faced Thomson. "Was this the understanding when you started on the expedition?"

Bill still stood sullen-faced and silent before his accuser.

"Have we not jails strong enough to hold prisoners?" Titus asked, significantly.

"Dead men tell no tales," declared Thomson, with a long look into his questioner's eyes.

"True," returned the Colonel with an answering glance. "But let all things be done in decency and order and according to the process of law. This man ain't no army. There warn't no need of your raisin' and chasin' and burnin' him like a parcel of idiots."

"'Pears to me you're d—— finicky 'bout law an' all that jes' this particular time," sneered Bill, with an evil leer on his face.

The Colonel eyed him keenly while a look of disgust spread slowly over his speaking face.

"Thomson, I gave you credit for having more sense. This man is a British subject. How are we to impress the world with our fair and impartial dealing with all mankind, and the slavery question in particular, if you and a lot more hot-headed galoots go to work and call us liars by breaking the slate?"

There were murmurs of approval from the crowd.

"Fac' is thar's nothin' fer us to do but to light out, ain't that the idee, Colonel?" asked Jim Murphy.

"That's the idea, Murphy; burn the wind the whole caboodle of you!" The crowd began to disperse slowly.

"All very good," broke in Thomson with a swagger. "I'll take mine without the law. I'd ruther stay right here and carry out the programme, it'd be more satisfactory to the boys in the long run. Law is a delusion, as the poet says, an' a snare. We git plenty o' law an' no jestic. S'pose the law lets the prisoner go free? You'll be a real pop'lar candidate fer Missouri's next gov'ner."

"No fear of that in this State," replied the Colonel with an ugly, brutal look that caused a shudder to creep over Warren who was surrounded by the constables. So full of malice were the tone and look that all signs of the polished elderly gentleman and doting father were lost, and one felt that this man could perpetrate any crime, however foul. In spite of the quiet tones the Colonel's blood was at boiling point because of Thomson's stubbornness. Titus turned to the constables: "Gentlemen, secure the prisoner. Thomson, fall in there and lend a hand; be quick about it. We've had too much of your fool talk a'ready. When I give my men an order, I 'low for them to obey me right up to the chalk mark."

Bill gave him a long look and without a word mounted his horse, and rode away—not with the troop.

The constables instantly obeyed the Colonel's order, and in a second Warren was lifted to the floor of the wagon and driven rapidly toward the jail.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Brown camp the great family of fugitives dwelt together in guileless and trusting brotherhood under the patriarchal care of Captain Brown, who daily praised the Eternal Sire, and one soul of harmony and love was infused into each individual dweller.

John Brown was a man of deep religious convictions; but mingled with austerity were perfect gentleness and self-renunciation which inspired love in every breast. But amid the self-denying calmness of his deportment, those who looked

deeply into his eyes might discern some cast of that quiet and determined courage which faced his enemies in later years before the Virginia tribunal where, threatened with an ignominious death, he made the unmoved reply—"I am about God's work; He will take care of me."

The fugitive slaves who came in fear and trembling were strengthened and improved by contact with the free, strong spirit of their rescuer and his associate helpers of proscribed Free Staters.

Weeks must elapse, perhaps, before a force of sufficient strength could be organized to protect the fugitives on their perilous trip to Canada. In the interval Captain Brown was pastor, guide and counsellor. The instruction of youth he considered one of the most sacred departments of his office, so it happened that in the camp the ex-slave received his first lessons in the true principles of home-building and the responsibility of freedom. There he first heard God's commands in the words of Holy Writ:

"He hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

"There is no respect of persons with God."

"Do to another as you would that another should do to you."

"Remember those in bonds as bound with them."

In the field the negro learned for the first time in his life the sweetness of requited toil together with the manliness of self-defence, for the musket was the companion of the implements of rural toil, as in the days of Nehemiah the restorers of Jerusalem wrought "every man with one hand upon the wall and with the other held his spear, having his sword girded by his side;" and also that it was better to die than to live a coward and a slave.

Winona was quartered at the Brown domicile. With her story and her beauty she was an object of uncommon interest to all in the camp. She became Captain Brown's special care and the rugged Puritan unbent to spoil and pet the "pretty squaw," as he delighted to call her.

And to Winona all the land had changed. The red-golden light that rested upon it near the evening hour was now as the light of heaven. The soft breezes that murmured through the trees and touched her cheek so gently, seemed to whisper, "Peace and rest. Peace and rest once again. Be not cast down."

There was the touch of sympathy and comfort in the rugged Captain's hand pressed upon her short-cropped curls. It gave her courage and robbed her heart of its cold desolation. She felt she was no longer alone; heaven, in her dire need, had sent her this good man, upon whom she might rely, in whom she could trust. Though much older, Captain Brown reminded her of her father, and her quiet childhood dependent upon him for constant companionship had given her a liking for elderly people, and she treated Captain Brown with a reverential respect that at once won his confidence and affection.

But there was not a day nor an hour that she did not think of Maxwell. She craved for news of his safety. When the daily routine of work was ended, the girl would steal into the woods which skirted the camp and climb to a seat on the high rocks watching eastward and westward for some sign of the young Englishman's return.

Some impulse of the wild things among whom she had lived drove her to a hole in under the bluff. It was necessary to descend to find it. Presently she was in a tunnel which led into a cavern. She made herself a divan of dried moss and flung herself down at full length to think. Time's divisions were lost on those days when the girl felt that she neglected no duty by hiding herself in her nook. She had come upon the eternal now as she lay in a sweet stupor until forced to arouse herself. She stared across the space that divided Maxwell from her with all the strength of her inner consciousness. That light which falls on the spot where one's loved one stands, leaving the rest of the landscape in twilight, now rested about him. With rapture she saw again the hopeless passion in Warren's eyes when he left

her. Her hands and feet were cold, her muscles knotted, her face white with the force of the cry that she projected through space, "Come back to me!"

And this young creature just escaped from cruel bondage gave not a thought to the difficulties of her position. In the primal life she had led there had entered not a thought of racial or social barriers. The woods calmed her, their grays and greens and interlacing density of stems, and their whisper of a secret that has lasted from the foundation of the world, replacing her fever with the calmness of hope. In the midst of her sweet perplexity came another trouble.

Judah's capabilities were discovered very soon by Captain Brown and his sons, and he was appointed special aid and scout to the camp. Nothing could have suited him better. All day he scoured the woods, following the trail of parties of desperadoes or bringing in the fruits of the line or rifle to supply the needs in fish or meat. Twice he saved them from surprise by bands of marauders, and soon his name was heralded with that of Brown as a brave and fearless man bold to recklessness.

Sometimes Winona accompanied him on his trips when not fraught with much danger; once he trialed to broach the subject nearest his heart, but a movement on her part—the carriage of the head, a queenly gesture—served to intimidate him and forced back the words.

The next night he passed in the woods, with his rifle, on a bed of leaves, studying over the problem of his life. "Why should I hesitate? We are of the same condition in life in the eyes of the world." But even while the thought was in his mind he knew that what he desired could never be. Unconsciously he was groping for the solution of the great question of social equality.

But is there such a thing as social equality? There is such a thing as the affinity of souls, congenial spirits, and good fellowship; but social equality does not exist because it is an artificial barrier which nature is constantly putting at naught by the most incongruous happenings. Who is my social equal? He

whose society affords the greatest pleasure, whose tastes are congenial, and who is my brother in the spirit of the scriptural text, be he white or black, bond or free, rich or poor.

The next morning Judah built a fire in a deep ravine to cook his breakfast, and then scattered the embers that the smoke should give no sign.

All the morning he waited near her favorite haunts determined to speak out the thoughts that filled his mind. He began to fear at last that she was not coming. A little noise down the path reached his ear. In a moment he could hear slow foot-falls, and the figure of the girl parted the bushes, which closed behind her as she passed through them. She passed quite near him, walking slowly; she was very pale; her face bore traces of mental suffering. For a moment she stood there, listless, and Judah watched her with hungry eyes at a loss what to do. The sun lighted her hair, and in the upturned eyes he saw the shimmer of tears. "Winona!" He couldn't help it. The low cry broke from his lips like a groan; the next instant the girl faced him. She looked with quick wonder at the dark face with its mute appeal. Then a sudden spasm caught her throat, and left her body rigid, her hands shut, and her eyes dry and hard—she knew, instinctively, what he suffered.

"Oh, Judah! Hav'n't we been through enough without this?"

The girl trembling at the knees sank to a seat on the rocks, and folding her arms across her knees, laid her forehead against them.

"I'm going away, Winona, as soon as you are safe in Canada," he went on after a little pause. "It'll be pretty hard to leave you, but I want you to know how I've been thinking about you and sorrowing over your sorrow and hoping that you might get over your liking for Maxwell, seeing that you're only a slip of a girl, and think of me as the one who would die for you and ought naturally to care for your wants—" He spoke hesitatingly; there was a question in his last words, but the girl shook her head sadly, her tears falling to the ground.

Her sorrow gave way in a great sob now, and he turned in sharp remorse and stood quite near her.

"Don't cry, Winona," he said. "I'm sorry for you and myself and Maxwell. It's this cursed slavery that's to blame. If your father had lived all this would never have happened."

"I am sorry—so very sorry! But you see, Judah, it cannot be; I have no love to give."

Judah stood beside her, his heart bursting with suppressed emotion. The bitter words would break from his lips.

"The white man gets it all—all!"

"Do you forget all that Mr. Maxwell has done for us, Judah, that you condemn him so bitterly? It is not like you—you who are generally so generous and true-hearted. He knows not of my love and will never know. Is he to blame?"

"You are right—you are right! But how is a man to distinguish between right and wrong? What moral responsibility rests upon him from whom all good things are taken? Answer me that."

They were walking now toward the camp; the shadowy trees tossed their arms in the twilight and the stars came out one by one in the sky. Only the silent tears of the girl at his side gave answer to his question.

A month had passed since the fugitives had reached the camp. Captain Brown eagerly awaited the return of Warren with Parson Steward to help them on the trip to Canada.

The wild flowers swayed above their counterfeits in every gurgling stream; the scent of wild grapes was in the air; the cliffs and rocks blossomed with purple and white and pink blooms. The birds sang and the bees droned in the woods on the morning when, wild and dishevelled, Parson Steward's wife and two children found their way into the Brown camp.

"My heavenly marster!" shrieked the widow in incoherent wailing. "The Rangers done caught my husband and shot him; they've carried the young Englishman to jail. What will become of me and my poor children?"

No one slept that night when the fate

of the two gallant men was known, and the oaths uttered were not loud but deep.

Captain Brown, like a prophet of old, drew his spare form erect. Lightning flashed from his mild eyes and sword-thrusts fell from his tongue.

Then and there a rescue party was planned to take Warren out of the hands of the Philistines. The only trouble was to spy out the jail where he was confined; but there seemed little hope of success, for it appeared that since his trial Warren had disappeared from public view, and the Pro-Slavery men were very reticent. Ebenezer Maybee volunteered to secure the desired information.

As was the fashion in those days, the women listened but did not intrude their opinions upon the men, being engaged in performing the part of Good Samaritan to the widow and orphans. But long after the meeting had broken up Winona crept into the woods not to weep, but to think. She leaned against a tree and her hopeless eyes gazed down the darkening aisles; she prayed: "Help me to help save him!"

In the morning she sought an interview with Captain Brown.

CHAPTER XII.

Meanwhile the wagon containing Maxwell and surrounded by constables stopped at the door of a frame building in the heart of the city, and with blows and threats Warren was pushed and dragged into a bare room and told that it was his quarters until business hours. The passageway and room were filled with a motley crowd and the vilest epithets were hurled after him. Presently a man came in with a lighted candle, seized his sound arm and looked him over from head to foot in the most insulting manner. Warren shook him off and asked him if he called himself a man to so insult a wounded stranger.

"Don't you dare speak to a white man except to answer questions, you d——d nigger-thief!"

"I shall appeal to the British consul for protection from your vile insults," said Warren in desperation. "It will cost

your government dear for to-night's business."

"If you get the chance to complain," laughed the ruffian. "By G—d! you've got to die to-day, and by this revolver," he continued, drawing his weapon and brandishing it fiercely. He was applauded by the crowd, and it looked as if Warren were doomed when constables arriving saved further trouble. Maxwell felt that he would almost rather have been burned than to endure the insults of such brutes.

After much entreaty, he succeeded in getting some water, but nothing more, though almost famished. Burning with fever from his wound and his contact with the funeral pile, and fainting for want of nourishment, not having tasted food since the morning before, the young man felt unable to sustain many more shocks to his system.

At length, without medical attendance, the crowd left him to get such sleep as he might upon the bare floor, without bed or covering of any kind. Retreating to a corner of the room, seated upon the floor with his back to the wall, Warren passed the hours silent and motionless.

He meditated upon his position in the heart of a hostile country although supposed to advocate and champion the most advanced ideas of liberty and human rights. What a travesty the American government was on the noblest of principles! Bah! it made him heartsick. He had listened to the tales of Maybee and Steward as exaggerations; he had not believed such scenes as he had just passed through, possible in a civilized land. The words of the man who had just taunted him: "If you get the chance to complain," haunted him.

If he were not allowed to communicate with his consul, then, indeed, hope was dead. What would be his fate? The misery in store for him appalled him. And Winona—! He dared not allow his thoughts to dwell upon her. That way madness lay. So the long hours dragged out their weary length.

At eight o'clock breakfast was brought to him, and when he had begun to despair of receiving medical aid, a doctor came in and dressed his wounded arm. After

this, he was marched through the streets to a room in the hotel where he was placed before the glass doors—much as is a wild beast caged in a menagerie. His reception was demoniacal. Everybody was out. Again, while en route to the seat of Justice, he endured the ignominy of oaths, yells and missiles; again the air resounded with cries of "Give him hemp!" "The rope is ready!" And so they arrived at the Court House.

The large unfinished room was filled to overflowing with the unwashed Democracy of Missouri—a roof with bare brick walls and open rafters overhead, from which hung down directly above the prisoner three new ropes with the hangman's knot at the end of each. Fierce faces, rough and dirty, with the inevitable pipe, or tobacco saliva marking the corners of the mouth, filled in the picture, while a running accompaniment of the strongest and vilest oaths ears ever heard suggested all the horrors of mob violence. The court proceeded with its farcical mockery of justice. Warren undertook to act as his own counsel, and drew up the following protest:

"I, the undersigned, a British subject, do hereby protest against every step taken thus far by the State of Missouri in this case; declaring that my rights as a British subject have been infamously violated and trampled upon.

"WARREN MAXWELL."

This he handed to the magistrate, who, without giving it any attention, threw it one side.

Colonel Titus and Bill Thomson were the principal witnesses against him. The Colonel told how basely the young man had betrayed his hospitality by aiding his slaves, Winona and Judah, to escape.

Thomson testified to the fact that the prisoner consorted with abolitionists of the John Brown stripe, being, when captured, in company with "fighting Steward," a red-handed criminal.

The case was given to the jury who returned a verdict of "guilty," without leaving their seats. Then followed the judge's charge and sentence:

"Warren Maxwell—It is my duty to announce to you the decision of this court as a penalty for the crime you have com-

mitted. You have been guilty of aiding slaves to run away and depart from their master's service; and now, for it you are to die!

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of my youth," is the language of inspired wisdom. This comes home appropriately to you in this trying moment. You are young; quite too young to be where you are. If you had remembered your Creator in your past days, you would not now be in a felon's place, to receive a felon's judgment. Still, it is not too late to remember your Creator.

"The sentence of the law is that you be taken to the State prison for one year; and that there you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the 26th day of May next; on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you will be taken to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck till your body be dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!"

Overwhelmed by the mockery of a trial, Warren heard the words of the judge but they carried no meaning to his overwrought senses. He sat in a stupor until hurried by the constables to the carriage that was to convey him to prison.

Days of pain and unconsciousness followed, and when at last consciousness returned, he found himself in a room sixteen feet square, with a small grated window at each end, through which he could catch a glimpse of the street.

Under the room in which he was confined was another of the same size, used as a lock-up for slaves who were usually put there for safe-keeping while waiting to be sent South. The room had a hole for the stove-pipe of the under room to pass through, but the stove had been removed to accommodate a larger number of prisoners. This left a hole in the floor through which one might communicate with those below. This hole in the floor afforded diversion for the invalid who could observe the full operation of the slave system. Sometimes, too, he could communicate with the slaves or some white prisoner by means of the stove-hole. When all was quiet a note was

sent down through the hole, the signal being to punch with the broom-handle.

Many heart-rending scenes were enacted before his sight in the lower room. Infamous outrages were committed upon free men of color whose employment as cooks and stewards on steamers and sailing vessels had brought them within the jurisdiction of the State. Such men were usually taken ashore and sold to the highest bidder. One man who had his free papers on his person, produced them to prove the truth of his story; the official took the papers from him, burned them, and sold him the next week at public auction. Two Negroes were whipped to death rather than acknowledge the men who claimed them as their owners. One horror followed another in the crowded cage where a frightful number of human beings were herded together. They could not sleep; that is to say, forget their misery for one moment. And how hot it was already! The rays of the fierce summer sun of the South seemed to burn and sear Warren's suffering brain and dry up the healthful juices into consuming fever and ultimate madness.

One day he was aroused to greater indignation than usual by hearing heart-rending cries come from the lower room. Hurrying to the stove-hole he gazed one moment and then fell fainting with terror and nausea upon the floor. He had seen a Negro undergoing the shameful outrage, so denounced in the Scriptures, and which must not be described in the interests of decency and humanity.

That night Maxwell was again ill—delirious—requiring the care of two physicians and a slave who was detailed to nurse him.

Unhappily we tell no tale of fiction. We have long felt that the mere arm of restraint is but a temporary expedient for the remedy, but not the prevention, of cruelty and crime. If Christianity, Mohammedanism, or even Buddhism, did exercise the gentle and humanizing influence that is claimed for them, these horrors would cease now that actual slavery has been banished from our land; because, as religion is the most universal and potent source of influence

upon a nation's action, so it must mould to some extent its general characteristics and individual opinions. Until we can find a religion that will give the people individually and practically an impetus to humane and unselfish dealing with each other, look to see outward forms change, but never look to see the spirit which hates and persecutes that which it no longer dare enslave, changed by any other influence than a change of heart and spirit.

The liberties of a people are not to be violated but with the wrath of God. Indeed, we tremble for our country when we reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever; that considering natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of Fortune, an exchange of situation is among the possibilities.

All through the long delirium of pain and weariness Warren was conscious of the tender care of his nurse. To the sick man the wearing, jarring sound of voices rising out of a black pit was ever present and unbearable. At times they were to him the cries of the ruffians who pursued him to the stake; the vengeance of the mob seemed to fill the little room and charge the atmosphere with horror. Again it was the sound of the pistol shot that killed Parson Steward, and the patient would shudder at the blood everywhere—on shirts, hands and faces, and splashing the sides of the bare walls; or it was the flames mounting higher and higher, licking his body with hungry tongues, or it was the rushing of whirling waters against the vessel's side as he swung Winona over the side of the "Crescent."

Finally, as he lay tossing and tormented with these phantom terrors in his eyes and ears, the sound died away into the soft hush of a tender voice stilling the tumult.

The nurse was a young mulatto known as Allen Pinks. The boy had been cook and head-waiter on board a steamboat on the Missouri river. He had been paid off, according to his story, at St. Joseph. From there he had started for Leavenworth, walking down the Missouri bank of the river with a white man. At the

ferry he was stopped on suspicion of being a fugitive slave and lodged in the calaboose; from there he was removed to the State prison until the time of sale. He had made himself very useful about the jail doing chores and nursing the sick, for which he seemed to have a particular vocation. Very soon Allen Pinks was a great favorite and allowed many privileges; hearing of Maxwell's illness he asked to be allowed to nurse him, and the jailer was more than glad to have him do it.

At last there came a day when the prisoner's wild wide eyes were closed, and the boy rose from his long watch by the side of the rude cot bed with hope in his heart. He stood, for a second, looking down upon the calm face of the sleeper with a sorrowful smile on his dark brown face. "Fast asleep at last," he whispered. "I must go see to his broth."

Just then a hideous yell arose from the room below. With a light bound the lad reached the stove-hole.

"Hush your noise!" he called in a low tone of authority. "Haven't I told you he must sleep?"

"Got a black boss dis time," came up from the hole in a gruff voice, followed by a low laugh.

"He's asleep now, and everything depends on his waking up right. But you set up a howl that would wake the dead!"

"Howl? dat's singing," came again from the hole in the floor.

"Well, keep your singing to yourself."

The noise subsided, and the young nurse turned again to his patient.

He stood for some moments gazing down on the Saxon face so pitifully thin and delicate. The brow did not frown nor the lips quiver; no movement of the muscles betrayed the hopeless despair of the sleeper's heart. The cot gave a creak and a rustle. The nurse was leaning one hand on the edge of the miserable pallet bed bending over the sick man. There was a light touch on his hair; a tear fell on his cheek; the nurse had kissed the patient!

When the door had closed behind the lad, Warren opened his eyes in full con-

sciousness; and as he brushed the tear from his face, there came a puzzled look into his eyes.

Presently Allen returned with the soup and found him awake. His features lighted up with intelligence and sympathy on making the discovery, and finding him free from fever.

"Well, how are you getting on, sir?" he asked in the softest of musical voices, and feeling Warren's pulse, as he seated himself on a stool at the bedside.

"Who are you? Haven't I met you somewhere? Your voice has a familiar sound."

"I fancy you don't know me," replied Allen with a smile.

"You've saved my life."

"That's a subject we won't speak of just now, sir; you must be very quiet."

"Oh, to be well and free once more!" broke in a plaintive tone from the invalid.

"If you will only remain quiet and easy in your mind, there's no doubt all may yet be well," replied the boy with significant emphasis as he held Warren's eye a second with a meaning gaze.

Many questions came crowding to Warren's lips; but Allen silenced him firmly and gently.

"Bye and bye, sir, I will tell you all I can, but you must drink this broth now and sleep."

Warren drank the soup and with a feeling of peace new to him, turned his face to the wall and slept.

One week longer Warren lay on his rude bed. Allen refused to talk but told him that he had no cause for anxiety.

Maxwell was fascinated by his nurse; he thought him the prettiest specimen of boyhood he had ever met. The delicate brown features were faultless in outline; the closely cropped black hair was like velvet in its smoothness. He could not shake off the idea that somewhere he had known the lad before in his life. At times this familiarity manifested itself in the tones of the voice soft and low as a woman's, then again it was in the carriage of the head or the flash of the beautiful large dark eyes. It was an evasive but haunting memory.

One day Allen said: "Mr. Maxwell,

I'm not to tend you any longer after this week. I'm to be sold."

"Sold!" ejaculated Warren in dismay.

Allen nodded. "It's getting too hot for me, and I'm going to run for it."

"What shall I do without you?" said Warren with a sick feeling of despair at his heart.

"Have you no hope of escape? Have you never thought of being rescued?" asked the lad in a whisper with a cautious motion of the hand toward the door.

"Oh, Allen!" faltered Warren in speechless joy.

The lad gave him time to recover himself a bit; then, after glancing around the corridor to see that no one was listening, returned to his patient.

"I am here in the interest of your friends! I leave to-night. Tomorrow you will receive a communication from your friends. We must hasten our plans for Thomson is expected on a visit here any day."

"Go on; go on; tell me what to do."

"There is nothing for you to do but to be ready at a moment's notice. The plans are all well laid, and will be successful, unless Thomson should upset us."

"I fear that man," replied Warren with a shudder.

"You certainly have good reason," said Allen. "But he does not reside in this vicinity and we may be able to avoid him."

"He would be only too happy to wreak his vengeance upon me. Yes, I fear him."

Allen did his best to reassure Warren, and discussed with him the plan of escape as far as he knew it, and concluded by saying:

"I shall not see you again. Keep up your heart. Barring accident, you will soon be free."

At night Allen went as usual to the well to draw the water for supper, and did not return. The alarm was given, but no trace of the boy was found.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning dawned hot and sultry; all day there were signs of a thunder storm.

Towards dark the door of Warren's cell opened and a young man with a carpet bag, apparently in a great hurry to catch a train, and accompanied by the jailer, came to the grated door and informed Warren that he had been requested by the British consul at New York, who had heard of his case, to see him and to say to him that his case would be investigated and all done that could be done, and that he would hear from the consul in person in a few days.

The visitor was quite curious about the hall, looking around a great deal, and as he stood with his back to the grated door talking to the jailer, whose attention he directed to some means of ventilation outside, Warren saw a small slip of paper in the hand which he held behind him, and took it.

When he was alone again, he unfolded it with trembling fingers. It contained the words: "Be ready at midnight." Scarcely had he recovered from the excitement which the note caused him, when he heard footsteps and voices again approaching his cell and in a few seconds the sallow, uncanny face of Bill Thomson was framed in the doorway.

"It seems to me, you fellows ain't as careful as you might be. Had a visitor sent by the British consul, did he? Well that won't save his neck. I tell you, Bub," he said, directly addressing the prisoner, "saltpetre won't save you. You've got to go, by G—d. D—n these newspaper men I say; a set of ornery skunks; meddling with business that don't consarn 'em. But they don't euchre me this deal."

Warren made no answer, and in a short time the visitor passed on. With senses strained to their utmost tension, he watched the shades of night envelope the landscape. He listened to the striking of the clock in the corridor outside his cell, tolling the lagging hours, with beating heart. Gradually all sound died away and the hush of night fell upon the earth, broken only by the fury of the storm which now broke scattering destruction in its wake. Far off the river sounded a mimic Niagara as it swelled beyond its boundaries. In the midst of his anxiety the young man noted the

strange coincidence of the storms which had attended three critical periods in his history while in America. With this thought in his mind he heard the clock toll off twelve strokes. As the last one died slowly away there came a thundering knock at the outer prison door. It came again, and yet again. He heard a door slam and then the voice of the jailer, "What do you want?"

"We are from Andrew County, with a prisoner we want put in jail for safe keeping."

"Who is he?"

"A notorious horse thief."

"Have you a warrant?"

"No; but it's all right."

"I can't take a man without authority."

"If you don't it will be too bad; he's a desperate character, and we've had hard work to catch him. We'll satisfy you in the morning that it's all right."

The jailer went down and let them in. When they were inside where the light fell upon their faces he started back with the cry:

"It's Allen Pinks!"

The men with him were Maybee and old John Brown.

"Yes, Mr. Owens," said Captain Brown grimly, "it's the boy, and it's too late to make a noise. If you resist or give an alarm, you are a dead man. The lower door is guarded, and the jail surrounded by an armed force."

Warren beheld the scene from between the bars of his cell door with anxious heart; even as he looked he saw a dark object pass behind the group and advance along the corridor wall, but his attention was drawn from the shadow as a door opened far down the row and Bill Thomson, fully dressed, faced the group, pistol in hand.

He advanced step by step with his eyes fixed upon the negro lad. The boy involuntarily uttered a cry and covered his face with his hands.

"Well, sir! if it ain't Winona! Looks interestin', Owens, that you couldn't tell a gal dressed up in boys clo's! This strikes me heavy."

Warren standing helpless in his cell saw and heard all, and understood many things that had puzzled him. There are

leaves and loves; but Warren told himself that the love of the poor forsaken child before him was of the quality which we name celestial. All the beauty and strength of the man, and every endowment of tenderness came upon him there as the power came upon Samson; and he registered a promise before heaven that night.

"Halt!" cried Captain Brown, as Thomson moved a step nearer. "Halt, or you're a dead man!"

"So it is murder you propose to commit?"

"No; we have come in peace, if let alone, to rescue our friend Maxwell. If you interfere with us the worst is your own. Disarm him, Mr. Maybee."

But Thomson aimed his pistol straight at Winona's breast, and cried: "I fire if you come a step nearer."

Warren groaned. "Oh, for a moment's freedom and a good weapon in my hand!"

Suddenly a lurid glare lighted up the hall, and Warren saw a dark shadow creeping in Thomson's rear. Something of an extraordinary nature was about to happen.

"It is Judah! It is Judah!"

It was indeed Judah. He had crept along gradually advancing nearer and nearer, bending almost double in observation; then like a wild beast preparing to pounce upon his prey, he stiffened his powerful muscles, and with a bound sprang upon Thomson, seizing him in an iron grasp, and dragging him backward to the ground with such violence that his pistol flew from his hand. Placing one foot upon the breast of the prostrate man to prevent him from rising, he picked up the pistol, crying:

"It is between you and me, now. Our roles are reversed. It is you who must die."

He was about to fire, when Captain Brown hastily interfered:

"No, no; it won't do. Spare him!"

"Spare him! For what? To afford him an opportunity to do more mischief? No, no!"

"Let us release Maxwell first and get outside the building then, if you insist upon this thing," said Maybee.

"Quick, then! I will not answer for myself. Your safety is not the only thing to be considered; I must think of myself as well. If I do not kill this man, he

will murder me by inches if I fall into his hands, as he has already tried to do. I hate him, I hate him! It is my enemy I would slay, not yours."

(To be continued.)

REV. J. GARDNER ROSS.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICE.

BY "JARTH."

"Show me that man who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him on my heart's core, aye, on my hearts of hearts, as I do thee."

Among the many agencies that have operated toward the uplifting of mankind, in any era of the world's history, none have been more potent, in the process of civilization, in its best and broadest meaning, than the Christian ministry. Its relation to the individual, the family, the home, and the community, is of such an intimate nature, when its kindly offices are understood and appreciated, and a spirit of mutual confidence, respect, and esteem obtains between the incumbent and those among whom he is called upon to labor, that the resultant effect must be for the common good of all. If that relation is backed up with intelligence, common sense, and sound judgment, necessary requisites to a permanent progress in any calling or profession, the amount of good possible to be accomplished cannot be gauged by ordinary tests. It is recorded in Holy Writ that the Man of God should be "Wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove;" that he should be patient, persevering, and excel in good works; that his way should be God's way, content to go unselfishly and uncomplainingly wherever his appointed duty calls him. Such men are successful ministers, and never make a travesty of their high calling, nor bring reproach on the Master's cause.

In the galaxy of prominent clergymen connected with the Baptist de-

nomination in this country during the past quarter of a century the name of Rev. Dr. J. Gardner Ross holds a commendable position. His efforts for the spread of the gospel and for the betterment of his people in various parts of the country have been eminently successful and duly appreciated, as the following sketch of his busy life will abundantly attest:

Dr. Ross is a product of Puritan Massachusetts, a State which has sent forth more than her quota of efficient and scholarly men into every avenue of human endeavor, to assist in the task of humanizing, civilizing, and christianizing the world. The stern spirit of the North, which prevails in that section, throws men back on themselves and develops in them a natural love for liberty, intelligence, and morality. Rev. Ross hails from Nantucket, a maritime city, famed in song and story. There he began, securing an education in the public schools, and subsequently attended other places of instruction in Boston and Newton, Massachusetts.

He professed conversion when thirteen years old, and was baptized at the Pleasant Street Baptist Church, Nantucket, by Rev. J. E. Crawford. In Boston he was admitted by letter to membership in the Twelfth Baptist Church, of which Rev. L. A. Grimes was pastor, and by this church he was licensed to preach.

After graduating, in 1877, from the Newton Theological Seminary, he accepted a call from the Webster Street Baptist Church, New Haven, Conn..

and was duly ordained as a pastor by Rev. T. Harwood Patterson of the First Baptist Church of that city. Here he remained eight years, during which time he not only succeeded in increasing the membership, but also in securing a house of worship at a cost of \$10,000, which was afterward remodeled and called the Emanuel Baptist Church, and which soon became a popular place of worship. During his pastorate at New Haven his executive ability and Christian attainments soon began to be appreciated, not only in that city, but throughout the State, and his services were in constant demand, outside the church on public committees, and as an active member of the Pastors' Union, the Y. M. C. A., the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and in other ways. He became identified with the New England Baptist Missionary Convention, was its Corresponding Secretary two years, and at one time its presiding officer. At the close of his pastoral charge the church was left free from debt.

In 1885 Rev. Ross accepted a call from Bethel Baptist Church, Jacksonville, Florida; and, in severing the pleasant relations which had existed for eight years in New Haven, the officers and members of Emanuel Church presented him with a set of resolutions of which any man might well feel proud. While at Jacksonville his work was very successful. He added five hundred members to the church, improved the edifice within and without, erected a commodious parsonage, raised more than \$10,000 for benevolent purposes by a plan of systematic giving, and also arranged to build a new house of worship to cost \$25,000, over \$8,000 of which was pledged. In 1890 the church was free from debt and had a bank account of \$815. After the termination of his pastorate at Bethel, Rev. Ross next assumed charge of the Main Street Baptist Church in the same city. His Christian character and ability were highly extolled in a set of resolutions unanimously adopted and presented to

him by the congregation he was leaving, and he found the work of his new position congenial and encouraging in every way. Main Street Church was then, as it is now, one of the most progressive in the State.

While in Jacksonville, Rev. Ross was twice elected moderator of the Bethany Baptist Association, was president of the board of trustees of the Florida Baptist Academy, chairman of the trustees of Ocala Baptist College, a member of the executive board of the General Baptist State Convention, a member of the State Board of Education, and filled many other places of responsibility, trust and honor. He also was largely instrumental in erecting the Trinity Baptist Church of that city, and was chairman of its trustee board. The sixteen years of his stay in that city were filled to repletion with efforts to improve not only the moral, but the material condition of the race, and in all of them he was ably seconded by his estimable wife, who was always a zealous and patient helpmate.

His next call was from the First Baptist Church of Nashville, Tennessee, which is justly considered the most ornamental race church in the Southland, while its membership is largely composed of the most intelligent and refined people of "The College City." Much is due Rev. Ross' untiring efforts for the enviable reputation which this church enjoys, as the present magnificent edifice was constructed under his immediate personal supervision, and the quality of pastoral service which he rendered did a great deal toward making the membership what it is. He was in great favor with all classes of the community, and his scholarly expositions of the Bible were always before large audiences, a very large proportion of which was usually composed of the students and professors of the various colleges of the city. On the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the theological department of Fisk University, Rev. Ross had the honor of being the choice of the entire faculty of that well-known

institution of learning as the principal orator. His address was made Sunday, June 4, 1899, at 3 P. M., before the faculty, the large body of students and many visitors, who pronounced it as having been a very able discourse.

While at Nashville, Rev. Ross was invited to accept the chair of theology by the board of directors of Schofield Seminary at Aiken, South Carolina, and was also tendered the position of travelling agent for the school, both of which he declined. He was also urged by many influential brethren to accept the presidency of the Howe Institute of Memphis, Tennessee; but believing that his life work lay more in the direction of the ministry than as an instructor, he refrained. But the fact that such honorable positions were offered to him, speaks volumes for the estimate placed upon his executive and scholarly ability.

In October, 1899, he resigned from the church in Nashville, to the regret of the congregation, which did all in its power to dissuade him from doing so, and going to Wilmington, North Carolina, took charge of the Central Baptist Church. His stay in that city was short, but just long enough for him to win the confidence and respect of the congregation, as is evidenced by the high testimonial given him by the church as a cultured Christian gentleman.

His next call was from Ebenezer Baptist Church, corner of Miller and Colwell streets, Pittsburg, Pa., where he succeeded Rev. Dr. George B. Howard, a very popular pastor. This church is easily the leading race Baptist Church in Western Pennsylvania. Its membership exceeds nine hundred persons, and the house of worship it occupies, which cost \$50,000, is one of the most attractive and commodious structures owned by any congregation of our race in this country. The people are live and progressive. The activity and earnestness displayed by the young men and women in every department of church work is commendable, and the pastor and people have a very

warm attachment for each other. Large congregations are the rule, and the quality of spiritual food given to them is digested with unction.

During the first year that Rev. Ross has had charge at Ebenezer there were twenty additions by baptism, thirty-four by experience, twelve by letter, six by restoration and thirty-three by watchcare, a total of one hundred and two. The receipts from collections, rallies, rental of parsonage, donations and charities make a total of \$5,537.25, including the Sunday school and auxiliary societies.

This is a grand showing, and demonstrates beyond doubt executive ability of a high order. As a pulpit orator Rev. Ross has the happy faculty of always preaching an interesting sermon, on almost any topic, in an able and concise manner. He knows how to make friends and how to retain their friendship. His long experience, many attainments, and gentlemanly demeanor, prove conclusively that "not race, nor place, but grace makes the man."

Ebenezer Church is one of the two colored Baptist churches which have maintained their membership in the White Baptist Association, and Rev. Ross' standing with his fellow clergymen of the Pittsburg Baptist Pastors' Union is of such a high character that he frequently exchanges pulpits with them, and he is thus enabled to feel the pulse throbs of their congregations, some of which are composed of the richest and most aristocratic people in Pittsburg and Allegheny.

He is a member of the Committee on Home Mission Work, and is also identified with the Pennsylvania State Baptist Convention, which convened recently at the Carron Street Baptist Church, and was subsequently elected as a member of the State Executive Board. His relations with the local clergy of all denominations in the city are of a very friendly nature, while the general public regard him with favor and esteem. A close student of current events makes him a sound ad-

visor on many questions affecting the interests of his people. A firm believer in the possibilities of the race, he is always ready to contribute in any manner possible toward its betterment.

The congregation under his immediate charge, the community in which his lot is cast, and the race variety with which he is identified, have every reason to feel proud of him.

RESULTS OF SOME HARD EXPERIENCES.

A PLAIN TALK TO YOUNG MEN.

WILLIAM H. DORKINS, U. S. S. "AMPHITRITE," U. S. N.

I find in my travels a great many of our young men have trades but are not putting them to use. I know good mechanics who are farming, waiting in hotels, and occupied in various ways that are foreign to their talents.

It is a good thing for us to have industrial schools and other institutions, that tend toward the elevation of the race, but do we fully realize the fact that after a boy has finished his education, it is only his starting point in life? That is the time he is most in need of advice, and should be in close contact with someone who has a thorough knowledge of the world. Someone who is able to point out the best place for him to make his start.

Take a green boy from the country. He may finish his school career as one of the finest tradesmen, yet, as a rule, his knowledge of the outside world is not of that practical character that would enable him to settle in the spot where his trade would be of the most benefit.

The general idea prevails among us that a boy, when his education is completed, must go home, regardless of the trade he has learned. But a machinist or mechanical draughtsman is of no benefit in a log cabin twenty or more miles away from the city or place where he could use his talents.

We learn our trades that we may make the forces of nature work for us, and to be successful we must connect ourselves with those forces. In other words, a mechanic wants to get as far away from "mule power" as possible.

We need money, our people need it, and the more we get of it the better it will be for us and the race. To be more successful in acquiring it, let us be found where it is most plentiful, especially if it is in connection with our particular branch of business.

Some of us become disheartened because we can't get a first-class position immediately after leaving school. That's a wrong idea. If you are a machinist, get a job in a machine shop, regardless of position or pay. Start in sweeping the floor if you can't get anything better (you know we don't take on sight), and I will guarantee if you have the proper mettle you will win.

The object is to connect ourselves with that business for which time and money has been spent to fit us. Unless we do, the purpose toward which our race leaders are working will become a farce. Those men are working for results.

The results are what you and I make them.

I know a young man who served an enlistment in the Engineer's Department of the U. S. Navy. He entered as a coal passer, and by hard work and study he advanced as high as it was possible for a man without a trade to do. Seeing better opportunities, he went to Hampton (after the expiration of his enlistment), to learn the machinist's trade. After staying two years he left to enter the service as a machinist, but they claim he failed in his examination—on account of color (there being no colored machinists in the Navy). The idea was to dis-

courage him from enlisting at all, but being determined he went in as a fireman, and at the expiration of one year he was promoted to second class machinist, six months later to first class with pay at \$55.00 per month and expenses, and a first class chance for further promotion. This brings me to say once more that there is nothing like connecting ourselves with the business that interests us the most. A good blacksmith wouldn't make a successful barber, for the simple reason that he wouldn't be interested enough to make it pay.

If a boy aspired to become a railroad president he should be satisfied to clean cuspadores in the ticket office, if nothing better presented itself in that line. He would then be on the bottom round of the ladder whose top he expected to reach, and he would always be on the scene to study the duties of the man on the next round above. First let us find our ladder. Second, lie around it as "Grant lay around Richmond," until we get on it. Third, stay on it. Fourth, strive for the top round, and if we never reach it our efforts to do so will be crowned with success. If we don't find our own ladder we will be "hanging around" one belonging to some one else, all our lives, and be classed with that fraternity whose banner reads "Misery Loves Company."

The U. S. Navy furnishes the best opportunities for a man to educate himself along mechanical lines of any institution in the country. If a man is physically sound he can enter the Engineer's Department without any knowledge of the business at all. He starts as a coal passer at \$22.00 per month, and can, with proper push, advance himself to chief machinist at \$70.00 per month and expenses. Should he be so unfortunate as to serve a full enlistment as a coal passer and is a keen observer, he will be in possession of knowledge that will enable him to get a position in civil life as a fireman or engineer. This is brought about by his being surrounded by pumps of all descriptions, engines of various designs, besides dynamos and motors. The run-

ning and repairing of these is constantly going on with the assistance of all in the department regardless of position.

I explain these things not only to impress the reader with the fact that we must branch out, but that we might have one more place to add to our list of opportunities.

It is a fine thing for us to know how to save a dollar; but you tell me where and how I can make it, and I assure you that I will be an interested listener when you come to tell me how to save it.

Making money and opposition are two opposing forces. My experience has taught me that where the most money is to be made there is where the greatest opposition is found. Not only is this true of the black man, but any man regardless of color is opposed when he tries to rise. It is human nature to try to crush the ambitious. To be successful means the calling forth and putting into practice those qualities that go toward the making of men, being patient and putting behind us those things that tend toward strife.

When two men fight aboard ship, both are punished. One or the other may be right, but we mustn't lose sight of the fact that "it takes two to make a quarrel." By learning to talk more and cultivating those qualities within us that go toward the making of friends, we let down a barrier that has hindered us for quite a while.

We can't afford to lose time with such things as the so-called color question, especially when there is a dollar in sight. My experience has taught me that the only time my neighbors bothered me about my color was when I became "broke." My color was the most interesting thing I had, but when I got a dollar they dropped the color question, and joined the "Ways and Means Committee" to try and figure out how they could get that dollar.

The dollar is what they all want, and the man who has it, be he "any old color," will go through the world with the feeling "They all take their hats off to me."

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

IX. CLUB LIFE AMONG COLORED WOMEN.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

"What is a woman's club? The fabric
 of a dream
 Touched with an altar coal and made
 alive,
 Instinct with hope for those who toil and
 strive,
 And wait to catch that joyous day's first
 gleam
 That ushers in a better, freer age,
 When right for one shall be for all the
 right;
 When all together in life's moil and fight,
 The war for right and truth shall bravely
 wage."

While women have by individual effort done much for the progress of society, and the names of illustrious women adorn the pages of literature, art and science; and while their work of moral education has been displayed in the life of schools and colleges, and in the province of loving service upon the battle field and in the hospitals, yet it was felt that these personal efforts could best be centralized by co-operation in the form of clubs, thus giving to causes dear and vital to humanity the valuable aid of organized intelligence.

In 1868 the first movement in the great innovation was made, and shortly after "Sorosis" was formed in New York, mothered by Mrs. Croly (Jennie June), and the "New England Woman's Club" of Boston, with Mrs. Caroline M. Severance as the fostering power that gave being to this, then, remarkable organization.

New England women of any race are quick to catch inspiration from environment, and the fever of the club life soon infected the leading women of color in Massachusetts. Touched by a live coal from the altar of Progress, in 1873 the "Woman's Era Club" was formed.

The club took its name from a paper called the "Woman's Era." This publication was devoted to the interests of colored women, and Mrs. Ruffin was its editor. It was because of the work done by this paper that the first organization of colored women was formed in 1873 and meeting held in Boston, and the following year in Washington.

This club, which is the only colored club in Massachusetts belonging to the State Federation, was started in this way:

Mrs. Ruffin was a member of the New England Woman's Club, whose president was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and which is claimed to antedate the so-called "Mother of Clubs," Sorosis, of New York. Occasionally Mrs. Ruffin would invite friends to attend these meetings, and thus interest was aroused which resulted in a formation of a new club, which was not intended necessarily to be a colored club, as it had three or four white women as members.

The club now has one hundred members. Two meetings are held each month, one of which is devoted to business and the other to literary pursuits, lectures and similar educational features. The club headquarters are in the Blue Room of Tremont Temple. Lucy Stone spoke to the club at the last meeting she ever addressed, and her words, "Help to make the world better," have been taken as the club motto.

The object of the club as laid down in its constitution is:

"The furtherance of the interests of the race generally and of our women particularly; not only through the collecting of facts which shall show our true position to the world, by endeavoring to create sentiment against the proscription under which we suffer, and by

co-operating to aid in our general advancement, but also to awaken in our women an active interest in the events of the day, and giving to them through such an organization an opportunity of hearing and participating in the discussion of current topics."

The success of the club has been encouraging. The National Federation of Afro-American Women, known now as the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs, was organized in Boston, July 31, 1895, under the auspices of the Woman's Era. The first convention was held at Washington, D. C., July 20, 21 and 22, 1896, at the Nineteenth-Street Baptist Church. This great Association is now of powerful growth, adding yearly to its roll of membership Federations from every Southern State.

Many events have contributed to keeping the club in the public eye; notably the Baker episode and the opposition of the club to Miss Lillian Clayton Jewett posing as the Harriet Beecher Stowe of the race.

So, through the example of a few public-spirited women, the Negro woman has become ubiquitous in club life, overflowing into all the avenues of self-help that are adopted by her white sisters as a means to the end of rising herself and "lifting others as she climbs."

This short resumé brings us to the high-water mark of the race battle in women's clubs—the Sixth Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Los Angeles, Cal.

Never in the West was there assembled from among the women of the United States, a gathering at once so large and aristocratic as filled Simpson auditorium at the Convention opening. An audience made up of nearly fifteen hundred women is well worth seeing; and when made up of bright women from representative homes the sight is unusual and interesting. The hall was decked with calla lilies; it banked the stage and was everywhere in evidence along with the lily of the valley. The arrangement of these flowers with smilax and fern was very beautiful. On either side the great organ stood im-

mense palms, lifting their arms aloft. Fronds filled the embrasures high up in the walls banked by clusters of lilies and maidenhair. The Stars and Stripes curtained two upper windows and formed a glorious background.

Ten thousand callas transformed the choir loft into a green and white and old gold hedge. Ten thousand other lilies made into circular bands decorated the balcony faces.

Just before the opening of the convention birch-bark baskets of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms were brought into the hall in armfuls, and one was given to each of the club presidents.

Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe, of Georgia, sat at a polished oak table on the platform, and at twelve minutes past two o'clock rose and struck the table four times sharply with the gavel. After the usual preliminaries the president declared the convention in order, and called on Mrs. Chester P. Dorland to make the opening prayer.

"Lord, from the four corners of the world we have come to this convention, as representing the homes of the world. It is to these homes the effects of this meeting, for good or for evil, will go. May many homes be made stronger and sweeter, may many crooked ways be made straight, by what we shall do and say here."

What a mockery such a prayer must have seemed to the Almighty Father as he looked into the secret hearts of a majority of the members of that convention and saw their determined denial of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man!

In response to the address of welcome made by the president of the biennial local board, Mrs. Lowe said in part:

"We have come to Los Angeles with that courage and enthusiasm which ensures the accomplishment of greater things than have ever been chronicled at any previous meeting."

Verily, she spoke truly; "greater things" were done there for the betrayal of law, order and peaceful government, not to speak of the degradation of a race of people, than have been attempted since the Missouri compromise.

The question of admitting colored women's clubs to the General Federation came up on Friday morning, May 2, but it failed to disturb the serenity of the convention. In her report as Recording Secretary, Mrs. Emma A. Fox gave the main facts concerning the application of the Woman's Era club for representation in the federation, and many of her statements were misleading and full of antipathy toward the colored sister.

On Monday, May 5, '02, a vote was taken on the great color question, the result of which practically closes the federation to colored clubs.

The debate on proposed amendments to the by-laws, including the color line, began with the motion of Mrs. Granger, of Georgia, to take up the amendment of Article II, Section 2, adopted by Massachusetts and Georgia, as a compromise on the color line dispute. It is as follows:

"Sec. 2. From a State where a club is a member of the State Federation, it would also be eligible to the General Federation if recommended to its executive board by the executive board of the State Federation; the power of admission to remain as given in Article II of the by-laws, as follows."

The motion was carried.

The fight was now on in earnest and all over the house interest deepened as delegate after delegate rose for recognition and to state her views on the great question. Mrs. Shields, of the Wednesday Morning Club of St. Louis, offered a substitute amendment which gave the assembly a distinct shock:

"Resolved: That clubs containing colored women shall be eligible to the General Federation in those States and Territories in which they are eligible to membership in their State or Territorial Federation, and that, where these organizations do not exist, race eligibility shall be declared by a three-fifths vote of the clubs."

The Missouri delegation expressed its strong disapproval of Mrs. Shields.

Next came the famous Mrs. Gallagher, of Ohio:

"This is not a question of color, it is

a question of an embryonic race, not yet strong enough to stand with us. Booker Washington says that greater harm would be done to the colored race than to the white by admission of the colored clubs to the federation. [Mr. Washington denies this statement.] The Negroes are by nature imitators. If we admit them to associations with us, they will lose their power of independent development and become merely followers of the whites.

"They have not yet reached a plane on which they can compete with us and maintain their own independence. The best thing we can do for them is to let them go on developing along their own lines. Then, when they have fought their fight and won their way up where they can stand on an equal footing with us, let us consider their admission. But in God's name let us not hinder their independent progress by admitting them at this time."

Miss Jane Addams was the feature of the discussion which followed, and aroused great interest by declaring herself the partisan of colored clubs. She was intense.

The final call for the previous question carried the amendment by an overwhelming vote.

Mrs. Dimies T. Denison, of New York, new President of the Federation, expressed herself on the color line as follows:

"The Civil War is past; the old wounds have been healed; the North and the South have been reunited, and we cannot afford to take any action that will lead to more bitter feeling. The South is represented strongly in the Federation, and the effect on those members is obvious if colored women are admitted on a social equality with white members. We must not, and I feel that the delegates will not, do anything that threatens disruption of the Federation, of which we are all so proud."

On Monday afternoon, June 30, the Woman's Era Club held a call meeting in the Blue Room, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., to listen to the report of Mrs.

Kate Lyon Brown, of Waltham, Mass., who went to Los Angeles to represent her own club and kindly offered to represent the Era club, when she found that Mrs. Ruffin had given up the idea of attending the Biennial convention.

It was a representative audience of Boston people that listened intently to the chief speaker, augmented by well-known men and women of color from every part of the Union. Mrs. Ruffin opened the meeting with a short account of the circumstances which led up to the trouble in clubdom some two years back. Among interesting relics shown the audience was the certificate of membership given the club at the Milwaukee convention and other souvenirs which she declared may form the basis of a law suit against the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This alone was exciting news.

Mrs. Brown, of Waltham, is a slender woman of the Anglo-Saxon race, possessed of an earnest manner and honest face which won her favor instantly with her audience. She interested her hearers from the moment she opened her mouth and began to recount her experiences from Boston to Los Angeles. The little woman swallowed insults and bore harsh criticism with the fortitude of a martyr or, what is synonymous, an old-time abolitionist.

Mrs. Brown, not knowing the strong feeling against the Era club in the Massachusetts delegation, called a meeting in the observation car to discuss the best method of getting the question before the convention. This meeting was poorly attended, and the remark was made: "We don't see why the niggers want to force themselves upon us. We think Mrs. Brown very unwise to offer herself as a delegate for the Era club. The question must not be brought up." Mrs. Brown finally promised not to be the first one to advance the color line. This happened at Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Brown was invited to breakfast at Salt Lake City with Mrs. Ward, president of Massachusetts Federation, and Mrs. West, a member of the Board of Directors of the General Federation; of

course the case of the Era club came up for discussion; but Mrs. Brown got no sympathy but was told that "it cannot be."

At Los Angeles, the lady was invited to dine with Mrs. J. R. Clark, whose husband is a brother to Senator Clark. Many of the guests were strangers to one another, and Mrs. Brown heard one lady remark to another:

"Do you know whether or not that Mrs. Ruffin is coming to the convention?"

"No; I heard she wasn't here," came the reply. "But there is another strong woman from Massachusetts coming as a champion delegate for the Era club, but they have arranged it to shut her off every time she gets up."

Mrs. Brown then joined in the conversation:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Cunningham, but what did you say about that delegate?"

"I heard she was coming."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I am that strong woman."

After hearing the true story of the treatment the Era club had received, every guest at the dinner became its friend.

Upon entering the convention hall Monday morning Mrs. Brown met the announcement that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Senator Hoar and Mr. Booker Washington had all sent telegrams warning the delegates not to bring up the color question. This was false; and all the parties accused positively deny that any such telegrams were sent.

After many trials, Mrs. Brown finally wormed her way to the front of the vast hall and addressed the chair, claiming the promise of the last meeting to be allowed to make a statement, in this way:

"Madame President, the delegate from Massachusetts to be heard later.' Mrs. Lowe turned around and began to expostulate. I then said, 'I will appeal to the open convention.' Mrs. West stepped up and said, 'Mrs. President, this is not a question from Massachusetts, it is a personal question.' Mrs. Lowe then said, 'The delegate from

Massachusetts is out of order; proceed with the morning business.'"

This was the insulting treatment given to a noble woman who had had compassion on the weak and lowly ones. Mrs. Brown says that she brings her charge against the State Federation of Massachusetts clubs. The first great wrong was perpetrated by Massachusetts sacrificing principle for policy at the Milwaukee convention. There is one thing sure, the end of all this is not yet; and it will be interesting to watch future developments.

At the close of the address, short speeches were made by Mrs. Robert Terrell of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Bruce of Tuskegee, Ala., Major R. R. Wright of Georgia, C. E. Morgan, Esq., Butler R. Wilson, Esq., G. W. Forbes, Esq., and Mrs. Agnes Adams and Miss Eliza Gardiner.

All this is but renewing the old conflict. Thrice before in the history of our country the "spaniel" North has grovelled before the South, but, thank God, the time came when the old New England spirit of Puritanism arose and shook its mane and flung off the shackles of conservatism. So it will be this time. Where we have found one Kate Lyon Brown we shall find more because God lives, and we trust Him.

The claim of the North to govern has been in the past that civilization here is nobler than in the South, and we believe this to be still an axiom.

There has always been an element at the North that never had a logic that knew neither white nor black; and has always been too conservative to recognize its duties. This is true of the pulpit and civil life.

Freedom and serfdom are at war today. The perpetuity of the Union de-

mands a right settlement of this struggle. The Missouri compromise was the first protest of civilization against barbarism. It was unsuccessful, but the South did not succeed in killing the spirit of Freedom there aroused.

We grant that the Southern woman has given us a terrible blow and in a vital part, because woman is the natural social leader; she is responsible in great measure for society's deeds; but we have known for years where to seek our enemy; it is not the man so much as the environments of his social system. Granted that the conditions are hard for a certain class of Southern white women; but the results of profligacy are the same in any case no matter whether white or black are the partners. Certainly the rapid life of society everywhere at present, among white and black, is not suggestive of absolute purity, and the black is no worse than his environment; he follows the fashions as set by his white superior.

But if this thing be true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, it is but the result of conditions forced upon a helpless people, and not their choice; we reap the whirlwind from sowing the wind.

Meanwhile, tears and sorrow and heart-burning are the Southern white woman's portion and like Sarah of old, she wreaks her vengeance on helpless Hagar. Club life has but rendered her disposition more intolerable toward the victims of her husband's and son's evil passions.

Spite of these sad short-comings, let us hope. Never until we welcome the Negro, the foreigner, all races as equals, and welded together in a common nationality, will we deserve prosperity and peace.



AN EQUATION.

GERTRUDE H. DORSEY.

Miss Sarah Gaudy sat at the desk in the college office examining the past month's records, and filling out the report blanks which were to be forwarded to the parents of each student.

Jessie Kirkland, the A Monitor, had told me confidentially that Miss Gaudy was especially constituted for "office work", and there was some legend abroad that she never stopped work at noon, but simply sucked the ink off the pen, and thereby derived sufficient nourishment to satisfy her hunger until dinner. This may, or may not, be true, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that she was poring over records when I entered the office to report for misbehavior.

"Well, Miss Grace, what can I do for you?" she said pleasantly.

"The assistant, Miss Maloney, sent me to report to you for misbehavior and for having this in my possession;" as I spoke I thrust forward a small piece of folded paper and stood defiantly awaiting results. She took it mechanically and opened it; then moved by a better impulse, she refolded and returned it to me. "Miss Grace, can you, a senior, justify yourself in sending or passing a note during class recitation when you know it is against the rules and must be recorded in this book? What does this note say?" I replied with some spirit: "I did not pass the note and I don't know anything about it, for it fell out of Viola's rhetoric and I picked it up, just as Miss Maloney called the class, and she did not wait for an explanation, but sent me to you. I'm sorry to have troubled you about so small a matter, but I couldn't help it."

Poor little Miss Gaudy looked helplessly at the note and at me, and then we both smiled, and she said simply,

"Read it." I was surprised and a little embarrassed to read in my own handwriting, "The product of the sum and difference of two quantities is equal to the difference of their squares," and this rather odd revelation was further endorsed by my name.

"My dear Miss Grace, what possible connection has the sum and difference of two quantities with your misconduct? You are studying trigonometry now, are you not?" she asked with a puzzled look. "Yes," I said, "I study trigonometry, but my room mate studies algebra and occasionally I help her in preparing her lessons, and in some unaccountable way that theorem has gotten into bad company. I like to go over those old principles and theorems." "Very well, you may return to the recitation room and tell Miss Maloney it was all a mistake," and Miss Gaudy resumed her interrupted task.

That day and that incident was the turning point in my school life, for, ever since, I have been prone to speak of events as happening before or since the day I was sent to the office to report.

After luncheon that same afternoon I received a note from Miss Gaudy asking if I could spend a few hours with her that afternoon and evening in correcting the algebra papers of the Sophomores. What girl of nineteen would not appreciate such a compliment, coming, as it did, from the gentlest and most winning of women? So as soon as I was excused from the music room, I went to the Office, where I spent a very busy hour, flattering myself all the while that if it had not been for me, those papers would never have been finished by the next day for the school inspector to examine.

And how very delightful it was, to be sure, to be allowed to talk whenever I pleased without the cruel formality of the recitation room staring me in the face like an evil genius.

Miss Gaudy, too, was so entertaining and talked freely of her anticipated visit from the inspector—Mr. Turner, whom she had never seen, but who she supposed was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and was mighty in word and in deed.

Gradually even I entered into her enthusiasm, and more than once I found myself making computations on what Mr. Turner would be worth by the pound or cubic inch, but he always came out the Unknown Quantity.

After we had finished our task we went to the Principal's private sitting room and fared sumptuously on mustard sardines, welch rarebit, wafers, sweet pickles and chocolate.

Then it was, that I became skeptical on the subject of her lurching off the ink on her pen. Before I left she told me that the Board had promised her the aid of an assistant, after the next term, and she wondered if I would care for such a position. As I wished to continue my studies in music and German I was only too glad of the chance and thanked her for planning such an agreeable arrangement.

The next morning forty-three girls were in a flutter of excitement, and many and wild were the speculations on the Unknown Quantity, Mr. Turner. "He'll be sure to gaze on us very much as he would a spoiled copy book," declared Viola my chum. "Yes, and I know he's just full of ah's and big words, for they always are," came from another quarter.

"Of course, he'll wear nose glasses and will tell us how clever he was—'when he was a boy'—forty years ago, and did not begin to have the many advantages we enjoy, etc.," and thus they chatted until the A Monitor rang the bell and we went to chapel for worship.

If Mr. Turner had arrived, we saw nothing of him that morning, but as

we were passing into the music-room, we heard laughing in the office, which certainly could not come from Miss Gaudy, "who had never been known to smile above a whisper," Viola said. At two o'clock the principal laid aside her "office" long enough to bring the visitor into the parlor to inspect us. We quite forgot our good manners when we beheld a young man, not a day over twenty-six (according to the A Monitor,) "whose chin was but enriched with one appearing hair" and whose big brown eyes seemed to challenge laughing.

Well, he gave us a very jolly little talk about our work and he did not say "Ah" once, and moreover, he omitted the offending phrase, "when I was a boy." In fact, he addressed us very much on the "fellow-citizen" plan, and Jessie Kirkland proposed at the next class meeting to confer a degree upon him at once.

While we girls were discussing the inspector a half hour later and wondering if we could not find some excuse for reporting at the office, Miss Gaudy sent for me to come to her room. She met me at the door with "Oh, Miss Grace(it's so strange, Mr. Turner is an old, old pupil of my brother Thomas, and we are almost old friends, for I have often heard Thomas speak of Raymond Turner as one of the brightest boys in college, but I never dreamed of his being the inspector. However, this is his first year, and his first trip here. But what I want to tell you, is of an embarrassing mistake you have made in correcting those papers," and she handed me a paper whereon I had made the correction " $X=\frac{1}{4}$ the head of the Turner." "Oh, did he see it?" I asked. "Why certainly Miss Grace, he called my attention to it and laughed so heartily, I feared you all could hear him in the music room. After dinner you are to come to the office as he wishes to see you, and now I will not detain you longer," and she busied herself about the desk while I went to find Viola.

An hour later and (would you be-

lieve it?) I was sitting comfortably in the office talking to the inspector quite as much at my ease as I was when talking to Viola or a Freshman.

Commencement was near at hand and after that evening I had but little time to assist Miss Gaudy, although we met occasionally and she always had a smile or pleasant inquiry concerning my final, and for the ninety-ninth time she would offer me the use of her private library, or the benefit of her council.

After commencement, at which time, by the way, I received an appointment as regular assistant in the office, I spent a very delightful two weeks visit with Miss Gaudy and her brother at their home in Lexington. Mr. Turner was also a guest at the same time, and we each had the opportunity for becoming better acquainted.

Miss Gaudy never tired of telling the rest of the party about our calling Mr. Turner the Unknown Quantity, and even the quiet professor took delight in joking about it. One afternoon as we returned from an excursion to the woods for geological specimens I remarked that I was hungry, and was seconded by the others, so the professor started on a foraging expedition and returned soon, followed by a servant bearing a tray upon which were fresh rolls, milk and fruit. As he passed the fruit to the inspector and myself he solemnly repeated, "The same quantity may be added to both members of an equation without destroying the equality."

When my vacation was over I returned to the college and began my work, which although in time it became monotonous, was yet interesting and I enjoyed it. The suggestions and advice which Miss Gaudy, from a long experience, was able to give me, were so helpful and I began to appreciate the quiet, wise little principal, and to bless the mistakes which had been the means of drawing us together into such a warm and sympathetic friendship, as such friendships are really few.

The first term passed without in-

cident, and we were nearing the close of the second, when one morning we were informed that the inspector would soon visit us and to have everything in readiness. Papers must be corrected, averages made out and report blanks filled, besides our other work must not be neglected, so we were very busy for a few days. However, the third term was almost at an end before he came.

Miss Gaudy received him with frank cordiality, and while he treated us with all respect, yet he was quite anxious to complete his task so that he might go, and addressed us all in the most perfunctory way. I was annoyed when I discovered how much I really cared whether he addressed me or not, so I assumed an indifference (which I did not feel) whenever his name was mentioned.

Vacation had come again and with my old enemy, Miss Maloney, and Miss Gaudy I attended the National Teachers' Association at Washington, D. C. We were sitting one morning in the large auditorium listening to a lecture by that wonderful man, Professor De Mott, when by a sly pinch on the arm and a little nod in the direction of the door, Miss Gaudy drew my attention to a group of ladies who had just entered. I had no trouble in recognizing the tall slender one as Viola Culver and the queenly beauty at her side as Jessie Kirkland.

The lecture did me no more good, and until I had managed by frantic and idiotic signs to attract the attention of three ushers and half the audience, I was as one deaf and dumb to all else. An usher made his way to me and I handed him my card with our hotel address, with the request that he would hand it to the persons who had just entered the hall. I then subsided into the depths of my program and remained an interested listener until the close of the session. As we passed out, we were accosted by Viola's friendly "Hello, Grace; what are you doing here? Oh, Miss Gaudy and Miss Maloney, how glad we are to see

you, and just to think we have just been having no end of fun at your expense," and she passed her arm through mine and with Jessie and the rest bringing up the rear joined us in our walk to the car.

"Oh, Grace," she said, as soon as we were to ourselves, "I have made such a startling discovery, thanks to the stupid old policeman who misdirected us. You noticed we were late this morning. Well we just arrived last night and, of course, we had to be directed this morning which car to take for the hall, and the stupid fellow put us on the wrong car, which we did not know until we reached the government building, and as the crowd got off there, we did likewise, and I'm going again this afternoon and show you what I found. You little rogue, you keep your secrets as you do your seeds cakes, strictly to yourself. Why didn't you tell me about him and all the nice things he has said?" "About whom, Viola? What did you find? What secret have I kept from you?" I asked in bewilderment.

"O never mind, I have found out, and now you must give me your card so we can talk it out, in the good old way, in the privacy of a sitting room or chamber," she remarked, as the rest of the folks came to us. "I sent my card to you at the hall, by the usher, did you not get it?" I exclaimed. "Mercy, no, I'm sure I did not know you were here until I met you as we were coming out. Don't mind, Grace, I dare say you have more cards left, and one is quite as acceptable as another. Good bye, here comes our car; be ready by 2:30 and I'll come after you to show you one of the sights my investigating genius has discovered," and Viola and Jessie were soon seated in the car, and we walked a square further to the Pennsylvania Avenue line.

To Miss Gaudy I confided that part of Viola's conversation which mystified me and upon which I had placed grave fears of her sanity, but the little woman only smiled and remarked that

Miss Viola had ranked first in our class, and was even then conducting a department in one of our best colleges.

We were discussing this subject in our room about two o'clock that afternoon when Miss Maloney entered, and gravely handed me a card with the words, "He's waiting in the parlor on the second floor." Why the card of Raymond Turner should be sent to me at that particular time I could not comprehend, so I hastily left the room and sought the second floor parlor.

He was alone, and as I entered he came forward with a pleased, expectant smile, which changed, as it encountered the look of annoyance and surprise on my face. "I was somewhat surprised to receive your card; the usher handed it to me as I entered the lecture hall this morning, and of course I am able to put but one construction on the case. You certainly meant that I should call, and you certainly know what such a summons means to me." He held out his hand as he spoke and in my astonishment, I forgot to take it, and simply stared at him, or perhaps glared would be the better word.

When I found my tongue, he was standing near the door, hat in hand, and was regarding me with an expression which might have been contempt and might have been pity. "There has been some mistake. I did not send my card to you and I know of no reason why your calling here would be of any special significance to either of us. Miss Gaudy would be glad to see you I do not doubt, but you really must excuse me as I have an engagement at 2:30 and it is nearly that now." With this rude speech, I returned to our room and soon afterwards Viola was admitted.

A half hour later and we were climbing the steps of a large building, and Viola with the confidence of a person "to the manor born" led the way to a gallery on the second floor, where in a glass case were exposed some thousands of written documents. Then she turned triumphantly to me and said, "This case of dead letters and

rings and other valuables, was at the Exposition at—never mind where,—and has just been returned. You remember the day we girls went through the Government Building at the Chicago Exposition. Well, there was just such a case there and we read no end of queer letters to mothers, sons, sweethearts, Santa Claus, and every conceivable person or organization of persons. But this is much more interesting, as I'm sure you'll agree after reading the portion of this letter that is exposed," and she pointed to a sheet of legal cap, six inches of whose length was uncovered. I read: "and now Miss Moorman (I hope soon to enjoy the right of calling you Grace) I have attempted to convince you of the similarity that exists in our tastes, inclinations, etc, and to one in your position it is hardly necessary to quote, as authority, "Only similar quantities can be united in one term." I have told you all, and shall expect your reply not later than Thursday next. Until then, and always, I am,

Yours to command
Raymond Turner."

Sept. 18, 19—.

"There now, I knew you had been cheating me. If I am not very much mistaken, I met the self same gentleman, Raymond Turner, as I entered the vestibule going to your room. One of his many avowals has been misdirected or is free from guilt of ever having been directed, but what is one letter among a hundred, perhaps? Of course, you have been so absorbed in him that you could not give a thought to your poor old chum," she exclaimed mockingly, as I suddenly espied an envelope hanging just above the legal cap, upon which was written in the same handwriting "Grace Darling."

"Well, I'm afraid, Viola, if I stay here much longer, I'll find myself a central figure in one of your scatter-brain modern novels, so let's go at once. Who knows, there may be a round dozen of Grace Moormans and as many Raymond Turners as there are changes of the moon," and although

this brave speech of mine was received with a contemptuous "Bah" by my companion, we each felt a delicacy about discussing the affair.

I turned the matter over in my mind and out of the confused mass of materials, I built the following theory: Mr. Turner had written me (there was no doubt in my mind of the identity of the person referred to in the letter at the Dead Letter Office) some time in September, and being absent-minded—poor fellow—had addressed Grace Darling instead of Grace Moorman, and there was nothing left to do but to send the letter to the Dead Letter Office, and as there was no possible chance for its identity to be learned, of course, it could be used along with thousands of others to help fill up space in Uncle Sam's cabinet of unclaimed or misdirected letters. I did not receive a second letter for the reason that Raymond is sensitive and did not care to presume upon an uncertainty. Certainly I shall call him Raymond. Who has a better right? As I was saying, he is sensitive, and hence his apparent indifference last May.

Who but Viola would have discovered that missing link? Viola has sharp, observant eyes, and I really believe I admired them more than than I ever did before. Wonder why? After a time, I suppose he thought I had reconsidered things, and sent my card to him in token of the same, and he had come, and alas,—he had gone. What could I do? Would I see him again? I was abruptly recalled to my surroundings by the information from Viola that she would now take the cable car, and would see me again after I had recovered from the shock she had been able to afford me.

I continued my walk alone to the hotel and with a guilty self-consciousness, I sought Miss Gaudy and told her all there was to tell. She listened very attentively to the entire story and then disappointed me at its close, by simply remarking: "While you were gone, I bought tickets for the concert for the three of us, and I hope you will

be ready to go by seven." "She isn't a bit sympathetic, after all," I growled. "I would have found more consolation in telling my troubles to Miss Maloney."

I have never known just how it happened, but some few hours later as I sat in the concert hall, conversing in a low tone to—Raymond (it would have been rude to speak out loud, although several were doing it) it suddenly occurred to me that Miss Gaudy is sympathetic as well as diplomatic, for who else could have contrived to bring us together so soon after my discovery.

It must have sounded silly to those who sat near me to hear "him" say at the close of the program, "I insist,

Grace, upon going to the Dead Letter Office now and you must accompany me." "The office has been closed since six o'clock, you 'Positive Quantity,' so you will have to wait awhile longer for an answer to the letter," and Miss Gaudy looked suspiciously at me, but I was waving my hand in the direction of some black plums, which I recognized as the property of Viola.

"But Grace, you must not take too many things for granted. How are you sure that his power of loving is not variable?" and Viola winked at Jessie who sat opposite me. "Why, don't you know, dear valedictorian, that 'All powers of a positive quantity are positive'?" I replied.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY.

Benjamin Griffith Brawley.
The opening bud of a flower,
Its incense borne on the air,
The curve of a graceful petal,
An answering image there—
The love of a life awaking,
The peal of an ancient reign—
Some say that it leads to Passion,
And some that it leads to Pain.

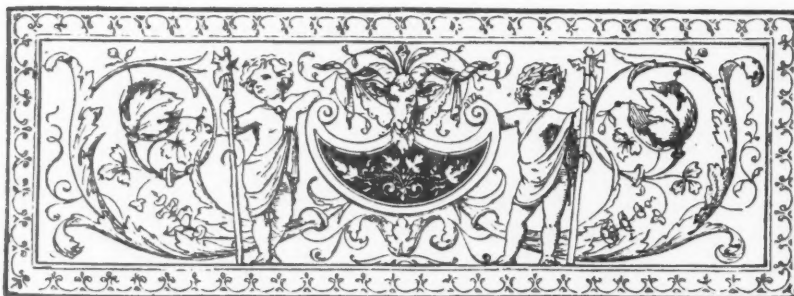
The stifling odor of battle,
The sound of answering guns,
The slaughter of men in trenches
For a flag that onward runs,
The wail of far-off kindred,
A night when the dirges swell—
Some say that it leads to Glory,
And some that it leads to Hell.

A scholar sitting at midnight,
And pondering mystic lore;
A woman toiling and suffering
After the day is o'er;

Hopes that over the wrecking
Up to the stairs set aim—
Some say that it leads to Heart-breaks,
And some that it leads to Fame.

A youth in the glare of temples,
A maid in a crowded town,
A mart where the blaze of splendor
Goes glittering up and down,
A woman eating an apple,
A man that burns within—
Some say that it leads to Knowledge,
And some that it leads to Sin.

O, this mazy existence,
O, these passionate years,
When the heart is full and restless,
And the life we know not nears;
After the toiling is over,
What of the path we have trod?
Some say that it leads to Exile,
And some that it leads to God.



RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN "THE LAND OF THE FREE."

CHARLEEA H. WILLIAMS, BARABOO, WIS.

Regarding the Ball Town massacre, by a mob of armed white men, of innocent Negroes, while engaged in religious service at a camp meeting in Washington Parish, La. And other unjust and inhuman acts committed at that time and since, against people having in their veins the blood of the stolen and enslaved Africans. For whom there is no protection, in this land of liberty,

claiming to be the most civilized and Christian of the world's people.

When a people whose ancestors, in their own selfish interest, assumed the right to buy other people, who had been stolen from their own people in a far distant land, assumed the right to enslave, holding them as property—the right to compel them to labor, as the ox and the ass, without compensation, the

right to rule over them in all respects, under all circumstances, and to punish them at will, even unto death. Who did so, because the All-Wise Father had created them, and the people from whom they were stolen, with black skin, for purposes of his own; and because, of some unknown circumstances and conditions in the progress of the race of man, they and their people failed to keep step with the progress of those, who claim to have made the greatest progress. The people so inheriting have, with their ancestors, continued to live during two and one-half centuries in such conditions in supreme control over others, who while helpless as children, were compelled by the whip and otherwise, to submit to, comply with, each and all demands of their self-constituted masters. All of which tended to and did produce an aristocracy of selfishness—a ruling power, within the plantation's domain, more potent than King or Emperor—a tyranny, unknown in any other part of the world.

These produced characteristics, were transmitted and educated into the children of that white people from generation to generation during that long period of slavery, until they became fixed and established characteristics, in very large numbers of that people—are now to be found among them in all the walks of life, from the United States Senate down to the most humble occupation, followed by those of the white race—found among politicians and professing Christians. There are, however, many among that people who, it is probable, because of a far better inheritance and home education, even in those dark centuries, escaped the damaging characteristics, and would have prevented the barbarous and cruel injustice against Negroes, since emancipation—but they have been and now are, in a hopeless minority, and dare not act, because of the punishment that would follow, directed by a controlling influence, ruling all things relating to Negroes.

Those characteristics were very markedly illustrated by the acts of the white

people of the Southern States in 1861, when they made an effort to withdraw from the Union of the States. For the purpose of riveting more firmly the chains of slavery and, to create a new nation, founded upon the enslavement of the people, having in their veins the blood of the stolen and enslaved Africans. And very recently illustrated, and has been almost continually since emancipation, in October last, at Ball Town, Washington Parish, Louisiana, as stated by Dr. T. B. Scott, Editor "Southwestern Christian Advocate," New Orleans, La., in the following extract, taken from Dec. 4th issue of "Northwestern Christian Advocate."

"A Negro was burned at the stake in that vicinity for robbing a store and injuring the female clerk in charge, by a blow on the head—and the following Sunday, a mob of armed white men went to a Negro camp meeting to punish Lot, a prominent Negro, who had as charged, insulted a white man, who had called at his booth the evening before. Lot proved to be armed also, having been told by two white men he was to be punished—and when fired on, had the courage to defend himself, killing one and wounding three of the mob—which, in a spirit of revenge, after killing Lot, turned to and shot down nine innocent Negroes, three of them women, who were attending the meeting. This deplorable affair has been reported to the world as a 'race riot,' and hence, according to the daily papers, five hundred armed whites assembled, to 'assist their unfortunate brothers to protect their lives and their homes.' The fact is, it was a massacre true and simple, just such a one as nine out of ten of the so-called race riots of the South are. Lot, (the prominent Negro), was armed with a double barrel gun, and no one else of the Negroes was seen to have a gun, or known to fire a shot. Doubtless the innocent were killed on general principles, to teach Negroes a lesson. . . . On Monday following the dead were interred, without any religious ceremony, in trenches dug for that purpose. Then

a Baptist preacher delivered a brief talk, telling the Negroes present to go to their homes and behave themselves and remember to raise their hats whenever they meet a white man on the road."

That brief talk is far reaching, contains in a nut shell a full and ample statement of the situation. That go to your homes and behave yourselves, to the members of the families and friends, it is probable, of those who had been massacred in cold blood, while attending a religious meeting, innocent of crime, not even charged with crime, was a cruel injustice, in common practice and a natural outcome from those inherited characteristics. That, remember to raise your hats when you meet a white man on the road, is of the same class and together indicate a determination to keep colored people down, prevent their becoming full men and women, illustrating the selfish aristocracy, the ruling power and tyranny of the old plantation times.

Once more illustrated at New Madrid, as reported Feb. 17th, 1902. A company of Negro minstrels was in the place to fill an engagement. "During the day a number of young white men had snowballed Louis F. Wright, of Ottawa, Kansas, one of the troupe, who retorted with epithets"—a serious crime, of course, in a Southern state, on a par with striking one of the "Superior" race, when done by a Negro.

"After the show and before the audience had dispersed, eight or ten young white men started for the stage, through a narrow passageway to get Wright, with the intention of whipping him, as a sequel to the snowballing in the afternoon. When the young men started for the stage crying 'Whip the nigger!' Wright, who stood at the head of the passageway, pulled a revolver and opened fire. When the firing ceased, it was found one member of the troupe had been shot in the leg and Clay Hunter had a scalp wound.

"Sheriff Stone and posse arrested the entire troupe and lodged them in jail. At eleven o'clock a crowd of several hundred people surrounded the building. No one was masked. The mob was

quiet but determined, and soon overpowered the sheriff and the guard. When the vigilants appeared with the prisoner outside the jail, a terrible shout went up from that maddened crowd. A rope was thrown over the limb of a tree, a noose formed and slipped over Wright's head, and half a hundred pairs of hands seized hold of the other end and drew the victim into the air—then the rope was securely fastened to the tree, the body being left to swing until morning. The other members of the troupe were released from confinement during the next day, and departed to fill other engagements."

The eight or ten young men of New Madrid, Mo., coming under the immediate influence of those characteristics produced and rooted in the centuries of slavery, perhaps inherited therefrom, could not of course permit a "nigger," even if he was a citizen of a Northern State and a member of a minstrel troupe, music being one of the elevating accomplishments, to object, even by words to any improper conduct toward him, by members of the "superior race." So the "nigger" must be punished at any cost.

After the close of the entertainment, the young men started through a narrow passageway to get Wright, crying, "Whip the nigger!" Wright stood at the head of the passageway—and as any Negro knows, or should know, when a band of white men are moving towards him, to punish him, it means his life, drew his revolver and fired. Evidently, not into the band of advancing white men in the narrow passage—had he done so, one or more of them would have been shot—but fired into the air, it is very probable, as a warning to those advancing to whip him. Immediately the advancing white men drew their revolvers and commenced firing. Being armed and firing, indicating they were there after Wright's life. Under the circumstances, it should have been clear to Wright his life was to be taken, and he should have fired manfully into that mob of advancing white men. Had he done so, however, killing one of that lawless band of "superior" people, that

mob of "maddened people, whose terrible shout went up when Louis F. Wright a citizen of Kansas, entirely innocent of any criminal act, except that of being a Negro, was led out from the jail, would have taken the entire troupe, shooting them to death, women included, if there were any—as was done at the massacre of Negroes at the Ball Town Camp meeting, where because a Negro struck a white man, the lives of ten innocent Negroes, three of them women, were required. Such a fate would have befallen the minstrel troupe, had Wright killed one of his assailants.

How did it happen that the mob of several hundred people, whose terrible shout went up when the young man, a stranger, guilty of no crime, was brought out of that jail, became maddened—was it because he was one of that oppressed people having African blood in their veins, or that he retaliated by words, because of an impropriety against himself committed by a gang of young bloods of the town?

That terrible inheritance and an education from the centuries of slavery, has so often demanded the lives of a number of innocent Negroes for the life of one crime committing white man, or when charged with burning a building—so often maddened those possessing it, to demand the life of a Negro for the smallest offense, even when only charged with it. It seems to have become the practice under the unwritten laws, become a prevailing habit permitted by that Controlling Influence which rules.

But why did the sheriff arrest the entire troupe, when Wright was the only one wanted and to be punished? Had the troupe been composed of white persons, would he have arrested and jailed them, one of their number wanted for punishment? Most certainly not. As a rule the civil laws are not for Negroes, and the officers thereof recognize they have no rights and act accordingly. Did he arrest and jail that lawless band of white men, who made the attack on Wright, who were at that time the only law breakers? Did he later on arrest any

of that maddened crowd whose shout went up, when that unfortunate young stranger, innocent of crime, for whom there was no sympathy, no pity in that band of wolves in human form, was led out of the jail—the owners of those fifty pairs of hands, who took the life of a human being, simply because he had African blood in his veins? It is very probable he did not, it being entirely contrary to the intent and practice, resulting from the inheritance and education of Southern people. Since emancipation, when Negroes are no longer the property of white men, but have a supposed right to themselves, it has been entirely legitimate to take the lives of Negroes at will, they having, it would seem, no more rights than a sheep killing dog.

Some years ago two little girls were murdered and otherwise wronged in western Kentucky. It was not known who committed the crime. A Negro man, a stranger, passing through the town about that time, was arrested and charged with the crime. He protested against the charge, declared he was innocent, saying he was forty miles away when the crime was committed, which he could prove if they would give him three days' time. They would not grant the delay; thousands of people had assembled to see a "nigger" lynched. His life was accordingly taken in a most cruel manner. Three days afterwards it was learned, he was a respectable citizen of Springfield, Illinois, a man of family and a church member, and was forty miles away when the crime was committed. Did the Governor of Illinois demand of the Governor of Kentucky the punishment of the leaders of that great crime, taking the life of one of his people? Did the people of the State call on the Governor to do so? Nothing of the kind was published in the papers, and very probably no action was taken. He was only a Negro. Had he been a respectable white man, the entire State would have been aroused, demanding punishment and a money compensation for the family. As this people did when

the Chinese Boxers murdered white missionaries.

Louis F. Wright, the colored minstrel whose life was taken at New Madrid, Mo., on February last by a mob of best citizens, without even a charge of crime, being a citizen of Ottawa, Kansas, it would seem to be the duty of that State to demand punishment and reparation for that great crime. There appears, however, no report of proceedings in that direction.

Can it be that Kansas will follow the State of Illinois and permit her citizens to be lawlessly murdered, simply because they have in their veins the blood of the stolen and enslaved Africans. If so, it would seem the poisonous virus of Southern barbarism, injustice and inhuman treatment of colored people, coming from that inheritance and education from the centuries of slavery, had so permeated the people of two Northern states, at least, that both church and state were controlled by it.

Again illustrated March 20, 1902, at Madrid Bend, Kentucky, as reported. "Four Negroes are dead and another dying as a result of a race war to-day."

"Elijah Drake, colored, it is claimed, was caught by white men stealing chickens, and was attacked by them and driven into the Mississippi river and shot dead. The white men then attacked four other Negroes, living in the neighborhood, who, it is claimed, were implicated. The Negroes showed fight, and in the melee that followed, Jim Stewart, colored, was shot and instantly killed. The other three Negroes, names unknown, were then almost beaten to death, and two of them have died from their injuries. . . . Madrid Bend has been greatly excited by the day's developments, and as usual during race troubles, there are many threats made against the Negroes. In case of further trouble it is not unlikely that the militia will be called out to protect the blacks." No, not to protect the blacks—there is no protection for the black man in this land of liberty, this people's nation. But as Dr. Scott said, regarding the Ball

Town massacre, "to assist their unfortunate white brothers to protect their lives and homes," during the Madrid Bend race war.

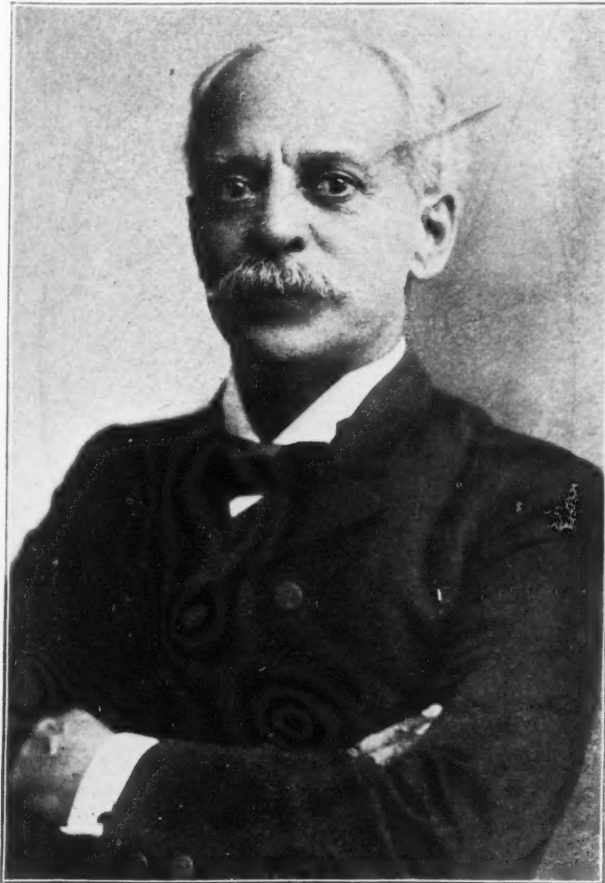
Like all race wars in the South. The attack is premeditated and made by many well armed white men against a few unarmed Negroes. Making the attack generally to get rid of one or more Negroes of ability and independence, who are striving to elevate their people to become manly men and womanly women. The statements, "It is claimed he was caught stealing chickens" and "Who it was claimed were implicated," coming from a Southern source, indicate without a doubt the Negroes were attacked and killed for other reasons, and very probably for the reason just stated—one of the greatest crimes committed by Negroes in that white man's country. As the Negroes dare not state the facts in such cases of barbarism, for fear of the punishment to follow, and Northern people accept implicitly the statements made, which would not be accepted by any known court, where justice prevails. The real facts are seldom ever known. But in the cruel and unjustifiable cold blooded murders of those belonging to that long oppressed people, they must be charged with something, it would be considered cruel, even in the South, to take their lives without a charge of some crime—assaulting a white woman, striking one of the "superior" race, writing a, so-called, insulting letter to a member of a school board, slapping a white child or stealing chickens—all of which are criminal when committed by a Negro. And of course the Negroes always show fight, when attacked, and fire the first gun, even when unarmed.

Must be charged with some crime, not convicted of crime, only charged with a criminal act, as in the case of James Walker, a colored boy, said to be about nineteen years old, probably much younger, who as reported, Washington, N. C., March 25, 1902, poisoned the entire family of Dr. David T. Taylor and lynched at the hands of unknown par-

ties, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury—but no doubt, well known, to be citizens of the vicinity, including some of the best of them, as the local papers frequently report, in such cases, to justify the murder.

About the time this boy was charged with poisoning a family and lynched by a mob because he was a Negro, a some-

cultivating in the children and youth that germ of prejudice against those with African blood in their veins, and teaching lessons of cruelty and injustice against that people, which have been practically illustrated many times, to our great shame. Being a white person, the charges against Miss Toppan were submitted to experts, and she found to be



REV. J. GARDNER ROSS, PITTSBURG, PA.

See page 268.

what similar case of poisoning occurred in Massachusetts. A professional nurse, Miss Toppan, was charged with a number of murders by poison. Had she been a Negro, she would probably have been lynched, even in Massachusetts, notwithstanding she was a woman. That poisonous virus from the South has been wafted all over the North these many years, with no protest against it,

insane, and will be sent to an asylum. If the Negro boy Walker, did poison the family, it is reasonably probable he did not, he may have been insane. But as insanity in such cases has no weight, when Negroes are charged with the crime, as is quite well known, and would not, of course, in Walker's case, notwithstanding he was only a boy.

Again as reported, La Junta, Colo-

rado, March 26, 1902, of the lynching of Wm. H. Wallace, a colored railway porter, who was charged with assaulting Mrs. Miller, an aged woman who, as stated, identified Walker as her assailant.

Once more that unfortunate inheritance and education of barbarism and cruelty has shown itself in the inhuman murder, in the South, of the Negro boy

character counts for nothing, when a Negro is charged with a crime. A legal investigation, it is quite probable, would have found him innocent, but if guilty, punishment would have followed.

What a contrast between these two cases and that of Albert J. Patrick, who was charged with murder and has just been convicted after a long and thor-



MRS. WM. H. JONES, PITTSBURG, PA.

See page 298.

Walker, charged with poisoning a family—his life taken without a judicial investigation as to the charge—taken simply because he was a Negro. Then again, the poisonous virus of that unfortunate Southern education wafted across the border, causing another case of shameful and disgraceful savagery, in a Northern state, against a man, simply because of the Negro blood in his veins. Wallace the porter must have been a man of good character, otherwise he would not have been employed by the railway, especially as porter, but good

ough investigation of the charge—but Patrick was a white man. The boy Walker and Wallace the porter had Negro blood in their veins and belonged to an opposed race, probably their only crime. Because of that oppression they were the more entitled to the protecting arm of the government.

While writing, endeavoring to call attention to the barbarisms above stated, committed against an oppressed people, there comes another cruel, inhuman and unjustifiable act, as reported from Edentown, N. C., April 3, 1902. James Early

a Negro, eighteen years old, who was convicted here to-day of assaulting Pearl Perry, a sixteen-year-old girl (a crime Negroes seldom, if ever, commit) and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary, narrowly escaped lynching as he was being hurried out of town, only to be shot by an enraged passenger. As reported, "the crime was committed last

words seem not competent to set forth, properly, that inhuman, cold-blooded barbarity, against a poor, unfortunate youth, child of an oppressed people, who had been convicted, sentenced by the court and on the way to his punishment. That inhuman individual is, it is probable, a fair sample of very many of those, possessed of that inheritance and



J. LAFAYETTE WALLACE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

See page 301.

Monday (March 31st) at Ryland, N. C., and Early captured near Suffolk, Va. He confessed the crime. Was taken to Edenton yesterday (April 2) convicted and sentenced." After the sentence, when being taken to prison, a mob took the boy from the guard, and when about to lynch him, was rescued by the militia—afterwards severely wounded by an enraged passenger.

In what language should that enraged passenger, that cowardly brute, that hyena in human form be characterized?

education, herein before mentioned—who take active part in lynching and burning at the stake those having African blood in their veins.

This Negro boy, having confessed, as reported, was tried, convicted and sentenced on the fourth day after the crime was committed. But, notwithstanding, an enraged mob of white men, no doubt strongly imbued with that inheritance and education from the centuries of slavery, took him from the officers of the law, and were about to take his life,

he, a mere boy, in a cruel and barbarous manner.

It is reported he confessed his guilt. Negroes always do, guilty or innocent, as reported by the leaders of mobs engaged in the lynching. If the boy confessed, before the court, he did so, it is probable, to get behind the walls of the penitentiary, the only place of safety for a Negro, charged with crime, in this "land of liberty."



C. THEOPHILUS HENRY,
New Bedford, Mass.

See page 297.

A few years ago, a Negro boy of about the same age was charged with a similar crime, in the great state of Ohio—confessed his guilt before the court and sentenced to prison for a term of years. As the officers with the boy came out of the court room, a mob of angry white men took the boy from them and murdered him in cold blood. An action indicating very clearly the effect produced in the North by that poisoned virus wafted over the border. On proper investigation later it became known the boy was innocent of the crime charged—only confessed to get behind the walls of the penitentiary. But then, he was

only a Negro boy, his poor mother and other relatives only Negroes. That action of the mob in taking his life was a matter of small moment, in that community, throughout that State and the Nation, judging by the great indifference regarding such injustice and cruelties in the past and since that time, to those having in their veins the blood of the stolen and enslaved Africans.

Because of the prevalence of those unfortunate characteristics, coming from the centuries of slavery, Southern people, including many of ability and influence, possessing them, became a controlling power, in all matters relating to Negroes, and decreed immediately after the grant of suffrage—that, that was a white man's country and Negroes should have no part in the government nor in the social life of the people. In carrying out that decree, enacted, as it were, a code of "unwritten laws, applicable to Negroes, the real laws of the land." In the execution of which it has become evident to the close observer that the intent was and now is to return the Negroes to a peon slavery, more galling than the one from which they have been relieved. Doing this, by taking the lives of men of influence and ability among their people, very often men without book education, but strong and capable, who were striving to lead their people to assume rights, as men and citizens, which had come to them, one of the great crimes committed by Negroes. Thus discouraging and preventing progress in that direction—and by the slaughter of many others, along with the men of influence, together designed as methods of intimidation.

Such barbarisms and cruel injustice continued to cultivate and strengthen those inherited characteristics in the children and youth and many mature people, causing the unlawful and barbarous murders of innocent men, women and children, as herein set forth, examples only, of very many, many others, occurring within the past thirty-five years. Done in pure wantonness in quite a measure, for the fun of it. plea-

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN "THE LAND OF THE FREE."

sure and excitement, coming to that class of unfortunates, who so inherited, as they watched the agony and suffering of their victims, who had been charged with a crime, which was not a criminal act in them until proven, and because in the veins of their victims there was some of the blood of the stolen and enslaved Africans.

The barbarisms, cruelties and injustice to the colored citizens of this nation, who with their ancestors, had been so long oppressed, as herein set forth with reasonable and proper comments, examples only, of many similar ones, since the civil war, and continually occurring from day to day. Have been and now are, shamefully discreditable to this people and nation. Standing by and looking on with an indifference so cold and cruel, conveying the impression that we as a people, acquiesce in the damnable injustice and savagery being committed.

These cruel acts are growing more and more frequent and inhuman, because of the continued education in those directions, and the indifference of the Northern people, and must eventually result in a general race war.

Colored people are getting away from that fear of the white man, whipped into them during slavery—and the war should come, if their lives and civil rights are not to be protected. When, it may be, Spain or some other European nation, will come over the sea, with warships and army, to help the oppressed and cruelly wronged Negroes. Following our example in helping the Cubans. Why not? The colored people of this nation, our own citizens, are wronged far more than the Cubans were by Spain.

Has not the time come when it should be the duty of justice loving men and women of the Northern states, especially, those in the South dare not do so, should enter on the agitation of this grave, sad question, so long neglected. One that should command and receive without delay, the active attention of the capable and influential people in every community, to the end that the people may be aroused to a determined and outspoken condemnation of those

great wrongs; demanding of the government its strong arm to settle the race troubles. Providing by Congressional enactments that citizens of the nation, regardless of race, color or previous condition, must and shall be protected, in life and full civil rights in all the states of the Union, and such enactments to be enforced—also providing the neces-



SUSIE PIERCE MASON,
New Bedford, Mass.

See page 207.

sary means for emigration to Africa, for all colored people desiring to go, or by the organization of Negro States here in this country, or in some other proper and judicious way.

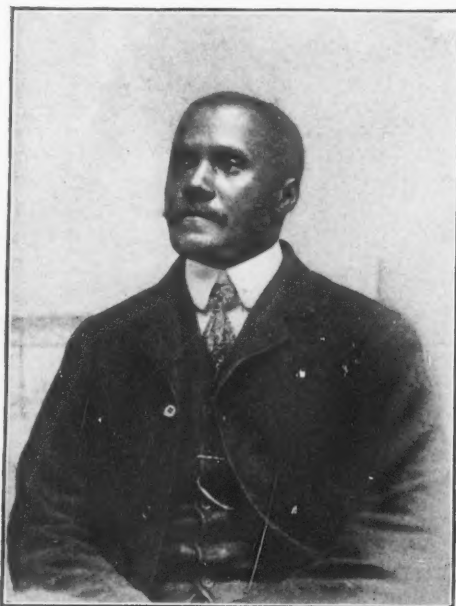
Such organizations among the people, if quite numerous and outspoken, would at once encourage those in the South, opposed to all this sad work, to some active work in opposition, and would so alarm those in control, who originated and encourage the cruel and unjust practices, for the purpose of defeating the emancipation and suffrage acts of the nation—good results would come before the more important and necessary action by Congress could be had.

HERE AND THERE

ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

By R. A. TOOMEY.

Atlantic City with its varied diversions for pleasure would seem incomplete without its social organizations. And while they are not as many as are the sands of the sea, they compare in numbers with



MR. CHRISTOPHER C. JOHNSON.
Secretary, B. W. A.

the large hostelries and with them proportionately share their prestige and reputation.

Among so much homogeneity, some must possess distinctive characteristics, in order to impress their individuality and to wield a potent influence for good in a community.

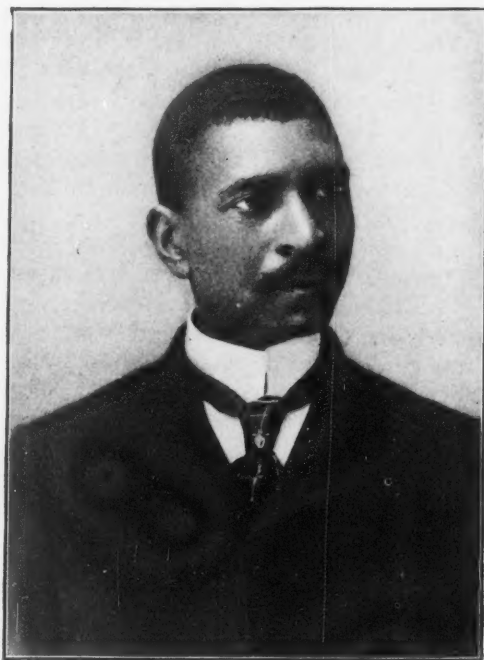
This betterment implies an existent goodly condition susceptible to change and responsive to the force thereupon exerted.

It is such existing states as these that establish eras of progress in industrial advancement or make improvement current among social classes of the body politic.

Transitions in the social scale are, by reasons of process, slow and gradual; as with the bravest, whose stages are invisible until the effect has been attained; but the results are, however, pronounced and widespread, imbuing all with higher ideals whether of a vivacious tenor, or of a sober quiet manner of living.

The agent or agents, who appreciating these truths, labor in consonance therewith, have reached the upper and nether milestone of existence whereat contemporaries may point with a spirit of emulation and laud the actuating principles that incited such a course.

A retrospect of five years called into existence here "The Brighton Waiters,



JAMES L. EVERETT.
The retiring president of the B. W. A.

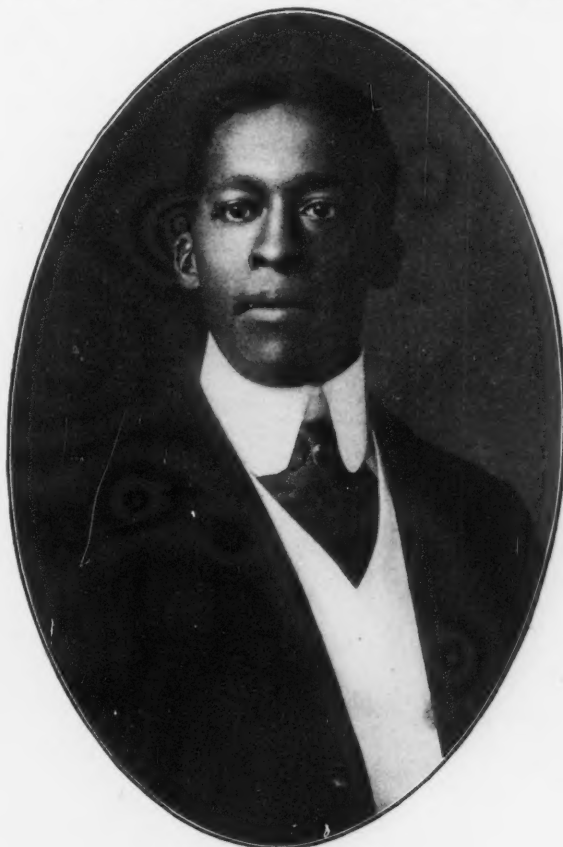
Social and Beneficial Association." That this body has crystallized into permanence is no marvel, for the last member of its title has been conscientiously adhered to. The personnel of this Associa-

tion are men of sound judgment and humane hearts, and time has attested their wisdom of choice and action; hence it is that they have limited their membership to that working force which has determination to act and ability to do, both of which are prerequisites to assured success.

Every year finds this body of men with

With the concurrence of native balmy air and starlit sky—all conditions perfected—the night of August 12th will be an epoch in the life of this worthy organization, and imbued with the spirit of the occasion Prof. Benjamin Oliver's orchestra will discourse music thrilling to every attendant, and aptly selected.

The pleasure-goers of Atlantic City



HENRY H. SMALL.

President, B. W. A., Atlantic City, N. J.

ideas new for their annuals—a fact that impells the admiration of critics—and has brought to them the palm of pleasure given.

On August 12th, of this year, will be witnessed the first Pink Reception ever presented here by the Afro-Americans. Fitzgerald's Auditorium will be a fairyland, pure and simple, having just undergone a complete renovation with a balcony addition, and enhanced by special decoration of pink, festooned by smilax, and interspersed by garlands of roses—the hall indeed will be wonderland in disguise.

will again (1902) garland with roses fragrant "B. W. A."

Mr. Jas. L. Everett, the retiring President, has been succeeded by Mr. Henry H. Small, a young man of broad experience in social affairs, and a bright light in the society of New Haven, Conn.

The Secretary, Mr. Christopher C. Johnston of Richmond, Va., is also the Correspondent of the Association. As a man of affairs his business tact is at once conclusive and infectious—inducing an energy for work and spontaneous effort. Asst., Secretary Cyrus Curtis, Sergt-at-arms, Isaac Harris.

Reception Committee:—J. L. Everett, Chairman; T. W. Pilts, Jas. C. Watkins, A. W. Pondexter, Wayman Howell.

Mme De Los Mars, possesses rare talent both as a musician and authoress. She has appeared in all the leading cities

Miss Hattie Grissom was born in River Falls, Wis., June 11, 1881. She went to St. Paul, Minn., in Sept., '98, and entered The Hess Business College, where she completed a course of stenography.

From April '99 to August 1900 she



MADAM DE LOS MARS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

of this country and in London with the greatest success, and has received many letters from both American and European critics, emphasizing her talent as an emotional actress.

To Mme. Mars belongs the honor of being the first lady of the race to write a successful drama; she having written six in all, the most popular one being entitled "Mariquita."

worked for the following firms: Noyes Bros. & Cutler, Brown, Tracy & Co. and J. G. Roach, all of St. Paul.

Miss Grissom is an accomplished pianist, and her music constitutes one of her chief enjoyments in life.

In August 1900, she secured a position in the "Golden Rule," the largest department store in St. Paul, and one of the largest in the north-west, as private

stenographer, where she still remains, and is held in high esteem by her employer.

Mrs. Susie Pierce Mason, was born in New Bedford, Mass., in the year 1870. Her father, Frederick H. Pierce, fought

used all her spare time in reading, thus completing her education. Her brother, Mr. Will H. Pierce, is well known to the race, as a tenor singer of note. Mrs. Mason wrote, directed and staged the drama entitled "The Moth and the Flame," which was given at New Bed-



Miss HATTIE GRISSOM, ST. PAUL, MINN.

See page 296.

in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, and died soon after the war closed. His death left Mrs. Pierce with three children to support, which obliged the daughter at an early age to leave school to help her mother and family by her efforts.

Mrs. Mason, being very fond of books,

ford, Mass., during April of the year, before a large audience.

Mr. C. Theophilus Henry of New Bedford, Mass., took a prominent part in this drama.

Mrs. Mason sole object in her efforts is an endeavor to show the progress of

the race, and hereby be a credit to the same. She is at the present time writing a new drama which will probably be produced during the coming winter.

Mrs. Wm. H. Jones, of Pittsburg, Pa., was born in Jefferson, Frederick Co., Md., February 13, 1870, and came to

the year 1899, there not being a costumer of the race in the city of Pittsburg, she took up the business for herself, and she has been successful in costuming some of the leading troupes that come to "The Smoky City."

Mrs. Jones states that her best wish for the Magazine is that it will soon be



WM. H. DORKINS. AT THE THROTTLE OF THE "AMPHITRIPE'S" POWERFUL ENGINE.

See page 271.

Pittsburg when she was but three years old, and lived in Allegheny City for twenty-one years. She attended the public schools until she was fifteen years of age. A few years later, October 23d, 1889, she met and married William H. Jones. During the past thirteen years Mrs. Jones has travelled extensively throughout the Eastern States as far as Maine, and west as far as Michigan.

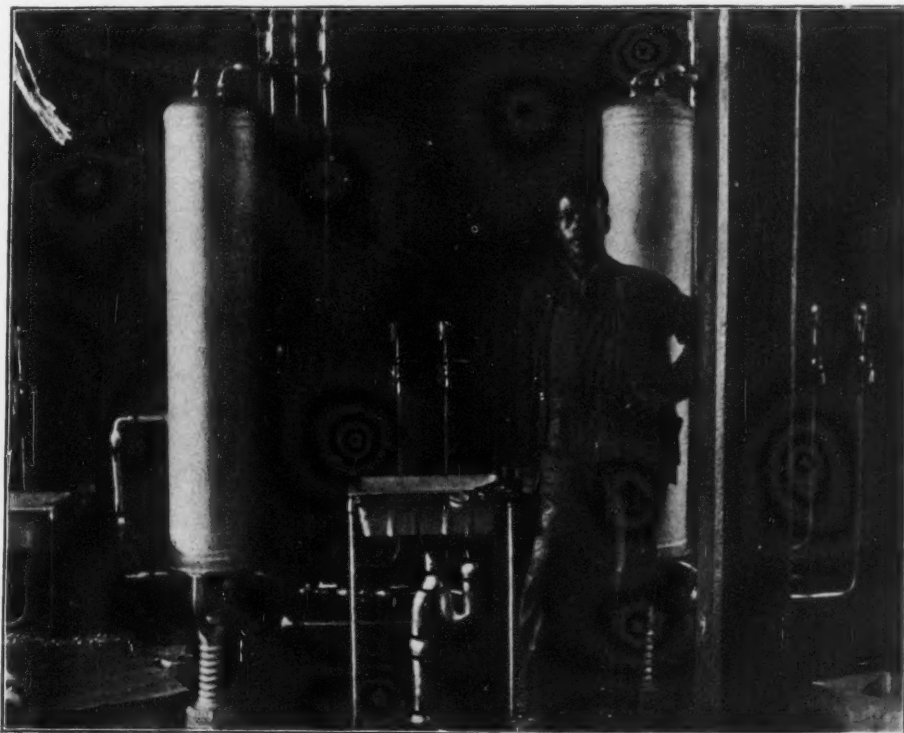
Five years ago she entered into her husband's business as his assistant. In

found in every Negro home in this country.

John G. Howard, was born at Raleigh, N. C., December 25, 1883. His father died when he was nine months old, and his early childhood was spent in Port Royal, Ala. At the age of ten years he returned to Raleigh, N. C., and spent four years at the Washington Graded School. From there he entered the Agricultural and Mechanical College at

Greensboro, N. C., and spent three years in the mechanical department. From Greensboro, Mr. Howard went to Philadelphia, and served an apprenticeship in plumbing and gas fitting, under Jos. Smith, a Contractor and Builder. To thoroughly learn the scientific part of the trade, Mr Howard entered the New York

Howard to leave Johnstown and he went to Camden, N. J., and engaged to work for the Camden Gas, Electric & Traction Co., at gas and pipe fitting. Mr. Howard did not remain long here, but soon started in business for himself, in the city of Philadelphia, where he is at the present time doing a good business.



JOHN G. HOWARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA., AT HIS WORK SETTING UP TWO CIRCULATION BOILERS.

Trade School, on December 9, 1901, and graduated with the class of 1902, in practical and scientific sanitary plumbing, gas fitting and lead burning. In a class of one hundred and thirty-seven students from all parts of the United States and Canada, he was the only colored student.

Mr. Howard then passed a satisfactory examination before the Board of Health of New York City. From New York he went to Johnstown, Pa., to work for the Johnstown Supply House as a sanitary plumber, but the white mechanics would not work with him, and on the second day of his stay there, twenty-five plumbers pulled off their overalls, dropped their tools and positively refused to work with a negro. This action caused Mr.

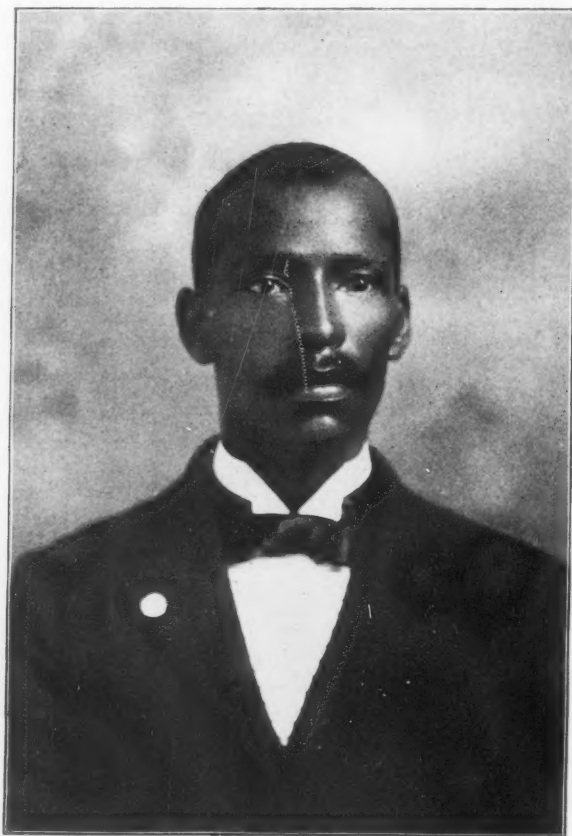
Mrs. Birdie High, of St. Paul, Minn., stenographer and bookkeeper for one of St. Paul's largest wholesale and retail business houses, was born in St. Louis, Mo., where she lived until she was fourteen years of age. Her parents then moved to St. Paul, Minn., where she attended the public and high schools, after which she entered the the J. D. Hess Business College. Her advancement here was so rapid that at the end of five months she was successful in receiving the above position, which she has held for four years.

Mr. T. D. Jefferson is one of the few leading Negroes who have been contented to lose themselves in a small

country town and unselfishly work for the race. He is the leading and only successful Negro merchant in Cape Charles, Va., having been in business there for over sixteen years. He has had to combat innumerable obstacles—enough to have discouraged a less determined man. Mr. Jefferson was de-

Already they have purchased a large building on the main street, in which are situated one store, an insurance office, a newspaper, and one stable on the ground floor. One large lecture hall and several lodge rooms are to be found above.

In all good works, educational, re-



T. D. JEFFERSON, CAPE CHARLES, VA.

termined that the race should be represented in business at Cape Charles, and he worked for that end, sometimes at a great sacrifice. He now enjoys the esteem and liberal patronage of whites and blacks alike. Mr. Jefferson's greatest desire is to help his people to acquire homes. Besides being prominent in the secret orders, he is the founder and manager of the Cape Charles Enterprise Club, whose object is to enable its members to acquire homes and purchase all the real estate they can.

ligious, and otherwise in Cape Charles. Mr. Jefferson has been the leading spirit in doing and having for the race. Such a man, though far from the great marts of trade, and too modest to have his good deeds known, helps our people more in proportion than he who is afar off doing nothing except for private gain. When Mr. Jefferson shall have left this world for a better, posterity will "rise up and call him blessed."

Mr. James Lafayette Wallace was born at Oakland, Hanover County, Va., of slave parents who had a large family to support with limited means. Young Wallace attended the public schools of the county until he was fourteen years of age, when his great ambition to make a mark for himself caused him to leave the abode of his father and seek employment in more lucrative fields. Richmond, Va., found him early one morning a stranger to her courts and unfamiliar with the customs of city life. Fearless and not a drop of coward blood in him, this country lad soon found work which enabled him to earn enough money to continue his studies. He afterwards made Nuttalsboro, W. Va., his home, where he joined the civil engineers' corps of James P. Nelson, remaining at this point for four years. Mr. Wallace, still restless as to his vocation, was next employed by the New York, Chesapeake and Norfolk Railroad Company as car and night tally clerk, engineer, etc. This naturally lead into the Pullman service, but this latter service proved not to be Mr. Wallace's calling. So he was soon found in Philadelphia in the street paving business, where by his push and

ambition he soon won the admiration of his foreman, and was promoted from time to time while serving his apprenticeship until today he is the foreman for one of the largest companies in the street paving business in this country, viz., the Continental Asphalt Paving Co., of New York. Mr. Wallace worked his way up from the shoveler's place to that of foreman, and he is today the only colored foreman of any street paving company that we know of. The picture shows Mr. Wallace at his desk making out his daily reports. He is also well up in manufacturing the materials so necessary to economize in calculating feet and yards to be done in street work. Mr. Wallace has from fifty to sixty men under his supervision, and his work for the Continental people has always been of the most satisfactory nature. He has done work as foreman in Hartford, Conn., Springfield, Mass., Bridgeport, Conn., New York City, Hoboken, N. J., and Jersey City. We bespeak for Mr. Wallace a bright and profitable career in this exact business, and congratulate him upon the victories already won, in spite of trade unions, strikes and what not.

THE "JIM CROW CAR" IN WASHINGTON.

A. GUDE DEEKUN.

In the Capital City, the Governmental Head of this great nation, there is practically in effect a separate or "Jim Crow" law. It is not established or recognized by the laws of the District of Columbia, but the District authorities permit it to be in force, and when recently the pastor of the one colored Lutheran Church of this city complained to the Commissioners of having been compelled to ride in the separate cars in this city, they denied jurisdiction and claimed it was not a municipal matter.

A Virginia law enacted last year re-

quires steam railroads in that State to provide separate coaches for white and colored passengers. The Southern R. R. has a terminus in Washington at the Pennsylvania Station, and the writer, when starting from there for Virginia, has been "separated" more than a score of times in the past ten months. On passing through the gates to the train the colored passengers for the South are politely requested to go in "the other end, please." Should they refuse and insist on entering a car labeled "White," on reaching Alexandria, the first stop in Virginia, they

are required, instead of requested, to go into the compartment marked "Colored."

The accommodation for colored passenger usually consists of a portion of the first coach behind the baggage car, the remainder being the white smoking car. The colored section varies in size from an end with three seats on a side to one-half the car, and in quality from a dingy, poorly lighted rattan seat end to half of a finely upholstered handsome coach. Some of the colored sections have a smoking room such as are in the vestibuled cars, and through trains which carry out coaches for branch roads usually have a second colored compartment at the rear of the last coach, in the section of the train to be transferred.

The car space furnished for "separate" passengers, while actually small, is usually, but not always, sufficient, and the chief objection is to the restriction to a particular section, though sometimes the quality of the provision is open to serious complaint.

The bearing of the train officials towards their Afro-American patrons is usually conciliatory, though this attitude is not always permitted, as was instanced quite recently. A large colored man in a bicycle suit and big moustache got on the train, carrying a short, old-fashioned rifle. He immediately began to voice his indignation and to munch a sandwich. After several trips to the water cooler, accompanied by his gun, his wrath grew more intense and he announced that he drove for Congressman D—— and this was the first time he had "rid on these Jim Crow cars, and God knows this here railroad don't get no more of my good money." He exhibited and carefully explained the workings of his "cowbine" and some murderous looking rim fire cartridges and threatened if he was bothered by any "trash," to "turn the cowbine loose."

Everybody was greatly impressed by his fierceness, and just then the conductor, an amiable looking veteran with white hair and a slight stoop, entered.

The "cowbineer" surrendered his ticket and as the conductor passed on, he called out, "Say, you done put us in this Crow car, why don't you give us more room?"

The conductor's amiability vanished instantly and he replied sharply, "Now look here, don't talk to me like that. I have no more to do with the train accommodation than you have and I don't want to be quarrelled with about it."

Instead of unlimbering his battery and opening on the enemy, the warrior was completely squelched and dropped into a seat until the ticket taker passed out. But when the door was closed his pent up wrath burst forth afresh and he looked carefully to the condition of the "cowbine." It looked as if there might be bloodshed after all, but when presently the doorknob rattled and the newsboy entered, the fighting man was gazing peacefully through the windows at the Virginia landscape.

The colored people who travel much, while not at all relishing the change, are generally acquiescent and seldom protest against the order of things, though, for that matter, protests would avail nothing against the law. But in the car to themselves there is a general feeling of humiliation and when there are no trainmen present, there are often bitter denunciations against the law and mutual condolences, but their helplessness against it is realized and the only expressed hope heard is that somehow "God is goin' to stop it." One old lady said, "'Deed I'm glad of it, for there's lots of white people I don't want nothin' to do with. They done put us here in front so's we'll be killed first, but maybe God will kill the 'hind people first after all."





The Supreme Royal Master's Notes.

Full explanation of the objects, plans and methods of operation of the

LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR, U. S. A.

Since adopting the Colored American Magazine as the official organ of the Loyal Legion of Labor we have been besieged with inquiries from its many readers asking for fuller details as to the workings, objects and plans of the organization. From New Orleans on the south to San Francisco on the west have come cheering words of encouragement to us, in our efforts to effect a practical and common sense medium through which the various phases of the race question can be reached and intelligently dealt with.

The objects of the organization as outlined by its Constitution are as follows:

1. To establish a practical business-like organization among Afro-Americans for the better protection of their civil and political rights, and the general advancement of their best interests.
2. To establish and maintain certain necessary mediums through which the live forces and best influences of the race can be united and intelligently directed for the speedy amelioration of present alarming conditions.
3. To secure just and equitable laws for the mutual protection of all American citizens regardless of color or previous condition of servitude.
4. To encourage among Afro-Americans thrift, economy and enterprise, combined with education, religion and morality.
5. To negotiate with capital for the employment of Afro-Americans in the various avenues of business.
6. To reduce the work of dealing with vital questions affecting the con-

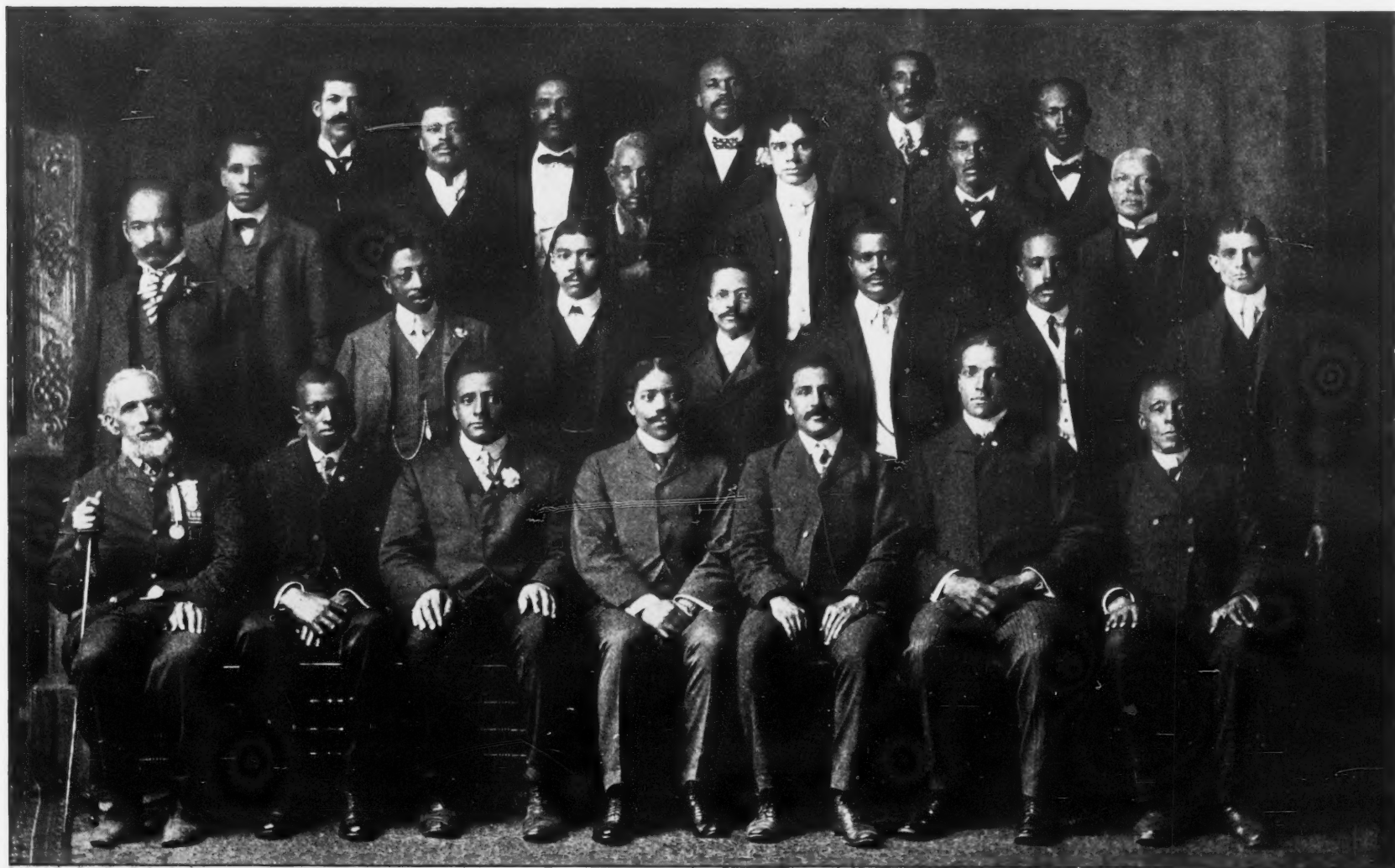
stitutional rights and privileges of Afro-Americans to a practical business system, in charge of recognized officers legally vested with power to act, supported by a formidable organized force.

7. To establish and maintain a BUREAU OF INFORMATION, through which statistical data of special interest to Afro-Americans can be gotten together and dispensed in such a way as to subserve the highest interests of the race.

8. To provide and encourage a practical support to all wholesome race enterprises, by creating a practical force in every community to be operated by an impartial committee, whose business it shall be to see that race literature is provided in Afro-American homes, and that race enterprises are supported by members of the order.

9. To form a closer union between the races for their mutual advancement.

The Loyal Legion of Labor is not a mere organization in the common acceptance of the term, but it is a WORK—A COURSE OF ACTION CAREFULLY MAPPED OUT for the purpose of dealing with affairs touching the vital interests of our race. It is the outcome of five years' earnest effort devoted to an earnest study of racial conditions North and South. The annual passes given us by presidents of railroads for this purpose have been worth at least eight thousand dollars. The first step in the plan of this work is to get hold of the forces of our people, and place them in the hands of substantial and competent leaders in every community. To this end each State is



GENERAL DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR OF MAHONING COUNTY, OHIO.

Photo. by Webb, the artist.
See page 307.

divided into Districts, in which General Councils will be organized by selecting twenty-five Councilmen who serve their race in the same capacity as city councilmen, and take under advisement any and all matters affecting the interests of their race. To the end that these councilmen may be kept in touch with everything affecting the interests of their people, and through them their people in general kept posted, monthly reports from the Central Board or Bureau of Information are provided them. By them Educational Sessions are held monthly on Sabbath afternoons. As far as possible on these occasions the brightest minds of the race will be brought into service. Programs in keeping with the spirit of the occasion and the day set apart for these sessions are carefully prepared and rendered. All collections taken up at these sessions are divided equally among the churches composing them. In organizing, nine officers are elected from among councilmen, who make up an Advisory Council. Through this Council a vigilant watch can be kept at all times for ways and means of bettering the condition of the race. Any and all matters affecting the welfare of our people, either for good or bad, are taken under advisement by this Council, and the General Council is advised on the same. Through the Advisory Council also the work of dealing with every phase of the race question is reduced to a strict business system, and can be prosecuted every day of the year without friction or constant agitation.

The Supreme Council, or Central Board, is composed of two representatives from each District, and is so established as to control and carry on the entire work of the organization in general in its efforts to advance the interests of our people and protect them in the exercise of all that American citizenship guarantees.

Through the Central Education and Publishing Board an Educational Course will be provided, and will be conducted somewhat on the plan of the Chautauqua Reading Circle. The ob-

ject of this is to get hold of the mind-forces of our people and educate them on matters of life. In this way, too, we undertake to remove the inherent weaknesses incident to former conditions, which cling to our people as legitimately as do their complexions, and which can only be removed by educational training. These weaknesses are: lack of confidence in each other, lack of unity, enviousness and petty jealousies, etc., which characterize us as a people. Again, through this effort we hope to place ourselves in the proper light before the world, and counteract the sentiment now being molded against us by the public press. An Education and Publishing Board in each District is created to act in conjunction with this Board.

THE CENTRAL LEGAL AND PROTECTIVE BOARD.

A National Legal and Protective Board, composed of one leading attorney in each State, is being organized, the duty of which will be to vigilantly guard the legal rights of our people, and keep up a constant fight and fire against those who are trying to take from us our rights and privileges, and in many ways reduce us to a plane of abject dependence and disgrace. Through a similar board in each District, acting in conjunction with this Central Board, this work can most effectively be carried on without the necessity of harmful agitation and constant irritation and friction over these matters.

THE EMIGRATION AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD.

Through a Central Emigration and Industrial Board the work of securing employment in lucrative fields of labor for our people, and furnishing loyal, competent help to the employing class of the dominant race, is now being most effectively carried on. If employment cannot be found in one locality by our people, through this Board, they are taken into communities where they can be provided with paying employment. No honest, energetic colored man or woman needs to be without employment, as through this movement

places can be found for all who want to work. Miners, iron workers, carpenters, bricklayers, machinists and laborers in every line, both men and women, can find employment by getting into line with this industrial movement.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL

Is officered by some of the most substantial and influential men of the entire race, and every phase of its work has been reduced to a strict business system. Each local District is represented by two members in the supreme or central body. No one member can hold more stock in the general assets of the organization than another, as this is regulated by the membership fees. By monthly reports being made to the councilmen of each District, after once connecting our people with the work, each District can be kept informed on matters touching the vital interests of their people.

The movement is pronounced by pulpit and press throughout the country as being the most practical and common sense plan ever presented since emancipation, by and through which the vital affairs and interests of our race can be reached and intelligently dealt with without causing friction and clash. The leading white men of the country are coming in as coöperative members.

By organizing the forces of our people along the lines suggested, an official and recognized head can be created in every community that will be recognized by not only our own people, but the white people as well, to whom the matter of dealing with affairs touching the multifarious relations of the races can be safely entrusted. At the same time, race enterprises along all lines can be given a support that cannot otherwise be given as long as the forces among our people remain so divided. By concentrating the forces of our people in this way, also, employment can be secured in the various avenues of life for our people in a way that will enable them to enter wider and more lucrative fields of labor without delay.

The organization is positively non-partisan and unsectarian. By it no man is known, save he is A FRIEND TO OUR CAUSE.

In the face of the fact that tens of thousands of foreigners are being brought to this country yearly who are gradually taking the places of our men in the work-day world upon whom are dependent for support, not only their wives and children, but our churches and race enterprises in general as well, and a stubborn and aggressive effort is being made daily to deprive us of the rights and privileges that cost our nation blood and treasure to secure for us; hundreds of our lives are being sacrificed annually at the hands of "mobs and lynching bees;" prejudice against our race everywhere becoming more intense, common sense dictates that WE MUST GET TOGETHER AND DO SOMETHING FOR OURSELVES. The hour demands it. The future of our wives and children calls in thundering tones for it, and all that we hold dear by way of future permanency and progress as a race is dependent upon it.

The membership fee is but \$1.00, with no monthly or quarterly dues or assessments. Each member will receive the literature of the Order, together with a copy of the Colored American Magazine in each home for the year, for their membership fee without additional cost. This is made possible by the support given by coöperative members who, in addition to paying a \$5.00 membership fee, agree to give employment to our members, and their co-operation and influences to us in our struggles to re-emancipate our race and solve the vexed racial problem before us.

The race leaders of any county or city can establish a general District Council by first securing an official report blank from either Zanesville or Youngstown, Ohio, which will be sent upon application, with general instructions and authority. Half-tone cuts will be made of the councilmen of each District and used in the literature of

the Order. The Supreme Council will pay the expense of carrying on the general work in each District.

One of the most substantial Councils of the State of Ohio has just been established for Mahoning County, with headquarters at Youngstown, Ohio. Youngstown is one of the most important iron centers of America. It is situated half way between Pittsburg, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio. The colored population of this place is quite large and above the average in point of thrift and enterprise. Its leading colored men rank with the foremost of the race in the State. Hon. W. R. Stewart has served two terms in the Legislature as a representative of a white district, and that, too, one of the wealthiest of the State. The colored brick masons have the lead and are among the most reliable and thoroughly efficient of the entire United States. The A. M. E. Church, pastored by Rev. B. M. Carson, ranks first in the connection in the district. Practically all of the representative race men of the entire district are enthusiastic members and workers in the Loyal Legion of Labor. For intelligence, standing and wealth the Councilmen of that district stand equal to any like body of men in the

United States. A half-tone cut of this Council will be found elsewhere in this issue. The Councilmen selected for the ensuing year are: Hon. W. R. Stewart, Rev. B. M. Carson, Rev. J. E. Disharoon, John Eccles, Paris Hall, Charles Williams, Oscar D. Bogges, Charles L. Berry, William Saunders, George W. Lacy, Samuel Stewart, Richard Gray, Thomas Lonesome, Charles Lincoln, Joseph A. Jones, Albert Johnson, William Nelson, A. H. Berry, Oliver Logan, Fred D. Hall, Henderson Parker, J. H. Wooldridge, Richard Boggess, W. H. Kinney, Christ. Hamilton, Frank Leece, Gaines Williams, Joseph H. Bobson.

Advisory Council—Hon. W. R. Stewart, R. F.; Joseph A. Jones, R. M.; Charles L. Berry, V. R. M.; John Eccles, R. S.; Rev. B. M. Carson, R. P.; O. D. Boggess, M. of F.; W. H. Kinney, S. of T.; Rev. J. E. Disharoon, Dist. L.; A. H. Berry, Dist. O.

Board of Directors: Educational and Publishing—Joseph A. Jones, Rev. B. M. Carson, John Eccles.

Legal, Protective and Advisory—W. R. Stewart, Rev. J. E. Disharoon, A. H. Berry.

Emigration and Industrial—Charles L. Berry, O. D. Boggess, W. H. Kennedy.

FLORENCE GREY.

A THREE-PART STORY. PART I.

RUTH D. TODD.

CHAPTER I.

It was nearly midnight as two gentlemen left a fashionable club in one of the most prominent avenues in Washington. One of the gentlemen, by name Percy Belmont, was considered good looking, but the other, Richard Vanbrugh, was very distinguished in appearance, and withall quite handsome. But there was about him an air that pro-

claimed him a man of rather fast habits, despite the fact that he would soon be thirty.

His eyes were as blue as the heavens above, with a certain amount of daring lurking in the corners. And his hair, which he always wore brushed carelessly back from his white, aristocratic brow, was of a chestnut brown. A rich, full mustache of the same color partly covered a beautifully cut mouth, which had

about it a somewhat sarcastic expression. In stature he was above the average height, though proportionately built, and from the crown of his silk hat, to the tip of his patent leather boot, a gracefulness and an air of free and easy superiority moved with every turn of his fine figure.

"Shall we take a cab or walk, Percy?" asked Richard Vanbrugh, as both gentlemen stopped to strike a match with which to light their fragrant Havanas.

"The latter by all means," answered Percy Belmont. "A cab is too confounded close on such an evening as this. By the by, Dick, it's quite a pleasant surprise to run across you at the Arlington when I thought you were abroad."

"Thanks, Percy, my boy, but I haven't been over a week yet, and I just arrived in Washington to-night. So thinking that I might run across some one I knew at the Arlington, I stopped in."

"And right glad I am that you did, for it gives me much pleasure to be the first to welcome you back to Washington again, albeit the season is far advanced. By the way Dick, while I have you I'd like to hear you say that you will come down to Belmont Grange and spend a few weeks with me next month."

"Thanks; nothing could give me more pleasure. Why, let's see! it's quite five years since I have been down to the Grange, isn't it, Percy?"

And both gentlemen as they walked leisurely along were so engrossed in each other's society that they failed to note which way they turned their footsteps, and suddenly found themselves in a less prominent avenue, but withal a very quiet and respectable thoroughfare.

In fact, one of the houses was brilliantly lighted, and before the entrance stood several carriages. Just as the gentlemen turned to retrace their footsteps, the door was opened and several negroes with soft laughter and pleasant adieus, descended the white marble steps and sought their different carriages.

Among the foremost was an elegant looking matron accompanied by a young girl who was tall, slight and exceedingly graceful, with the beauty of a goddess. The glare of an electric light fell full upon her face; and a painter would have likened it unto a queen of the night.

Her complexion was very fair, so fair that she had often been mistaken for a white girl. She had a luxuriant growth of hair which was soft and brilliant, and as black as night; a pair of soft, lustrous dark eyes which looked forth innocently and frankly from 'neath long, silken lashes; a thin, straight nose, and a sweet mouth whose lips were as soft and as red as a blush rose. A black lace mantilla rested lightly upon her brilliant black hair and a lightweight evening wrap enveloped her slight form.

Her manner was gentle, sweet and very refined, and there was a grace and elegance about her that is only found in a gentlewoman.

Dick Vanbrugh gave an involuntary stare, thinking to himself that of all the beautiful and charming women he had ever seen this was by far the most beautiful as well as the most charming young girl in all the world.

Percy Belmont did not stare at the girl, but he did glance anxiously at Dick Vanbrugh, knowing the latter's weakness for pretty faces.

"By Jove, Percy, what a beautiful creature!"

"Yes, she is pretty," answered Percy, assuming a careless air.

Dick stared at him in infinite surprise.

"Pretty! Good Heavens, Belmont, you are quite as cold and impassive as ever! Why she is beautiful, fascinating, heavenly!" he exclaimed rapturously. Percy gave a careless laugh.

"Calm yourself, my dear Vanbrugh, or I'm afraid you'll lose your head."

Dick flushed slightly, but continued, though with less fervor.

"I'm afraid you'll think me an ass, Belmont, but I always was, you know, when a beautiful woman is the subject. But fancy calling such a lovely creature by the insignificant word pretty! By

George, I have half a mind to call a cab and follow our fair friend's carriage."

"That would be quite useless; she would only treat any flirtations on your part with scorn and utmost contempt, for she is considered the pink of Negro aristocracy."

Vanbrugh gave a short laugh, which was his common mode of expressing incredulity.

"By Jove, Vanbrugh, that's a capital joke! As if any colored damsel, no matter how refined or elegant she may be, would treat the attentions of a gentleman with scorn; especially if the latter is by no means bad looking and—er—generous to a fault."

"My dear Dick, there are certain Negro families residing in Washington who are as proud as we are."

"Nonsense, I shall try this one at all events."

Percy's manner changed to one of earnestness; he laid his hand affectionately on Vanbrugh's shoulder.

"My dear fellow, you will oblige me by doing no such thing."

Vanbrugh bit his lip and waveringly asked: "No, and why not, pray?"

"Because the girl, whose name is Florence Grey, is a lady!"

"Oh, you know her, then?" he asked, with slight sarcasm.

"Yes, that is—I know of her. I know of her family, too. Their summer residence is about a half mile below Belmont Grange."

"How fortunate! And, of course you will be good enough to tell me more about this fair maiden."

"With pleasure, if you will spend the night with me."

"Certainly. I'll remain with you forever if you say so," laughed Dick, now in the best of humor, as both ascended the brown stone steps leading to the entrance of Percy's fashionable boarding place.

The fashionable widow Grey was a charming mulattress. Her husband had been a wealthy white man—a Yankee who had waived all caste aside

and married the woman of his choice. For many years they had lived in Europe, their two children, James and Florence, being born there. But on account of his ill health, the doctor advised him to seek his native shores again. So he came to Washington and settled his family in a palatial residence on ——— Avenue, where, ten years previous to the opening of this story, he died.

His widow was heartbroken, and shut herself up in seclusion for two years; at the end of which time she bestirred herself to such an extent that she was very soon the leader of Negro society. Her son James, who was a tall, handsome young man of twenty-five, had just left college, and with the prefix of Dr. to his name, bade fair to be a very interesting as well as important personage in Negro business life.

Flossie, the beautiful young girl already described was twenty-two. She had finished her education, including a collegiate course, and was now doing her first full season in society.

Their country residence was quite an elegant affair, being an old two-story, white stone mansion, whose spacious halls and apartments had been modernized and fitted up with artistic taste, displaying luxury and elegance that would be admired by the most fastidious.

They moved in, or rather led, a class of the most reputable Negroes in Washington, and in summer their country residence was filled with the elite. This, Percy Belmont made his friend acquainted with, at the same time giving him to understand that they were a class of Negroes, who generally commanded respect, adding that for Vanbrugh to try and flirt with the beautiful Florence was the most abject folly.

Vanbrugh colored deeply, but there was an expression of daring in his handsome blue eyes, as well as a determination about his whole person as he replied:

"You mean well, my dear Belmont, and I daresay I ought to take your advice, but, you see, my dear boy, I have always been a shockingly bad fellow, and I fear some day that I'll go to the devil

where I belong. So spare yourself any further advice and let's talk over old times."

And this conversation was never again referred to, Belmont, evidently, forgetting all about it, while on the contrary, it was impressed still more deeply on Vanbrugh's mind.

Richard Vanbrugh was born in Virginia of wealthy and aristocratic parents, who died when he was a mere lad, leaving him in the care of guardians who were too strict with him, and kept him in far more closely than was at all prudent with a lad of his temperament, so that when he became of age and felt himself his own master, he fell in with a set of fast young men and led a shockingly wild life.

There was no madness—no diabolical trick, that Dick Vanbrugh was not the originator of.

With women, he had always been a perfect pet; beginning from his old mammie nurse and only ending with the most fastidious society belle.

He was not exactly a prig, but from his earliest recollection women had petted and indulged him, so that it seemed only natural that those of his fancy should succumb to the charms of his handsome person, entrancing smiles and honeyed words.

And he had taken ardent fancy for this lovely colored girl, and did not mean that she should escape him.

In a month's time everyone in Washington would be seeking places of less intense heat. The Greys would, of course, leave for their country place, and as he had accepted Belmont's invitation to join him with a company of friends at the Grange, he was content to abide his time assuring himself that with a little patience he would certainly win her in the end. Never before had he beheld the girl whom he desired so ardently, and it would be no fault of his if he did not win her love in less than three months' time.

CHAPTER II.

It was a few days later, and everybody in Washington who moved in Afro-

American society was discussing the greatest event of the season. A grand ball was to be given by the elegant widow Grey at her palatial residence on ——— Avenue.

It would be the best yet, and probably the closing event of a successful season.

Everybody who was anybody tried to secure invitations, for it was rumored that the ball would be given partly in honor of John Warrington, a young Northerner, a prominent young business man staying with the Greys. And as the young man was possessed of a snug fortune, handsome person and pleasing manners, he was considered a great "catch."

"My dear Jack," James Grey had playfully remarked, "I'm afraid you will have to enclose your heart in a steel case, or you may go back home minus it, for our girls down here in Washington are the fairest of the fair."

"Your words are very true, in one case at least, for I think that Miss Grey, your sister, is the most beautiful young lady I have ever met."

"Thanks, Jack, yes, Florence is very pretty, and the dearest sister on earth, but to-morrow night you will see some of the fairest girls the world has ever produced."

The night of the ball finally arrived and Mrs. Grey's rooms were very beautiful indeed. Trailing evergreens and floating ferns, through the interstices of which gleamed, unveiled statues, and the distant murmur of wild, sweet music caused one to marvel and wonder if they were not in some enchanted palace.

James Grey had not been exaggerating when he assured Jack Warrington that the prettiest girls the world could produce would be at the ball, for the most beautiful faces, rich dresses and rare gems flashed brightness as they moved through the spacious ball-room.

But Florence, clad in a gown of chiffon and rich lace, with a bunch of scarlet roses in her hands and one nestling amid the coils of her brilliant black hair,

was by far the most beautiful woman in the room.

"Prettiest girl in Washington."

"Who, Miss Grey?"

"Certainly, of whom else do you suppose I was speaking?"

Jack Warrington, standing back of a huge exotic plant heard this conversation go on between two foppish looking young men.

"Well, there's Sadie Jayne, you know; you may have been speaking of her."

"Sadie, oh, she's the biggest flirt here."

"Probably, but there is no denying that she is pretty."

"Of course not; but of what advantage are her charms when a fellow can't get in edgeways."

"I don't know; Jim Grey seems to be making rapid progress with his wooing."

"Well, that isn't very singular. He and Sadie were children together; so the intimacy may be only friendship."

"But there is no denying that this chum of Jim's is sweet on Florence."

"By George, it's a shame! This Yankee shall not win our fairest flower without a hard struggle, for I, for one, shall be one of his antagonists. I shall go immediately to Miss Grey and beg the next dance." And both men disappeared amid the throng.

Warrington's first impulse was to seek his friend and put this bit of gossip to a test, but on second thought he remembered that he was engaged to dance the next with Florence, and he hastened to her instead.

Sadie Payne was a charming young girl. She was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George Payne, a refined, though by no means wealthy couple, who resided about two blocks from the Greys. Mrs. Payne had been Mrs. Grey's dearest girl friend before either had married, and had always kept up the intimacy despite the fact that Mrs. Grey was exceedingly wealthy and Mrs. Payne not in the very best circumstances. And in summer either all three or else Sadie alone had been the guest of Mrs. Grey for two weeks or more. But for two years they had managed

somehow to build a snug cottage not far from Mrs. Grey's summer residence, and the young folks were seldom, if ever, separated. It was almost a settled thing that James and Sadie would marry some day, but though it was gossiped with much fervor among their friends, no engagement had ever been announced. The young lady in question was very pretty, though by no means showy. She was possessed of a charming figure, not very tall, but by no means undersized, and a light brown complexion. Her hair was black and curly and worn in a fascinating style which she seldom, if ever, changed. But her chief charm lay in her eyes, which were large, bewitching, mirthful, tantalizing and as dark as night.

She was dressed in a simple gown of white organdie and surrounded by a group of young people who were ever at her beck and call, for being the most intimate girl friend of Miss Florence Grey, she was a very popular young girl.

So as the night grows old, the dances grow low down on the cards, the waiters in their white jackets, move less frequently through the well-bred crowd, and sundry elderly guests bid the hostess good night, feeling proud to be the departing guests of the best and most successful ball of the season.

CHAPTER III.

It was the first of July—quite two months later, and the Greys, as well as Percy Belmont, were established in their palatial summer residences.

The Greys were entertaining very few guests at present, for few of their friends were able to take in a full season's vacation.

Jack Warrington had promised to spend a few weeks with them, but his business would not allow him to indulge in this pleasure until August, and though the guests were few, the pleasures and amusements were many, and the young folks enjoyed themselves with utmost zeal.

Though Dick Vanbrugh had tried flirting with Florence several times, as

he met her alone on the highway, his wooing was progressing very slowly—or rather—not progressing at all, for any advances on his part had been met with utmost scorn by that lovely young lady; indeed, she had shown him with an uplifting of her proud head and a flash of withering contempt from the beautiful dark eyes, that he was of utmost inconsequence to her.

This had angered—had piqued his vanity, but at the same time it had strengthened his desire to win her. She seemed more beautiful to him than ever, and while he was still trying to think of some plan with which to win her, it suddenly occurred to him that what Belmont had said was true. The girl was certainly a lady, and there was something a little special about her—a little touch of hauteur that repelled while at the same time it attracted, charmed, fascinated one. And he would have given her up, but somehow it seemed that the dark, liquid eyes haunted him; he could almost feel the touch of her soft, lustrous hair. She seemed to have thrown a spell about him, which, do as he might, he was unable to shake off.

Good Heavens! Was there no way of gaining this charming girl? And if there wasn't, would he never forget her? He had been petted and spoiled by some of the most fastidious society belles, and yet, not one of them had exerted such an influence over him. Could it be that he was in love with her? He, Richard Vanbrugh, the heir and last descendant of an old and aristocratic name, in love with a Negress?

"My God!" he cried, desperately, "Am I mad? Am I possessed of some strange delirium? Will I awake and find that I have been dreaming? No, oh no, it is only too true and I must tear her image from my heart and crush it!" he cried, beating his breast savagely in his great anguish. He lit a cigar and strolled out to the woods to try and quiet his nerves, and having found a quiet spot some little distance from the Grange he threw himself down disconsolately 'neath the refreshing shadow of

a magnificent old oak. But a feeling of discomfort had taken possession of him, and he threw his cigar to the winds and groaned aloud in anguish. What should he do—what could he do! He could not make her his wife, and he dared not try another flirtation with her for fear of losing her forever. What he would say would come from his heart. And besides he could not bear to see the beautiful eyes flash with indignation, and the proud lips curl with infinite scorn. No, no, those eyes were made to glow with passion—those lips to give forth sweetest kisses. But would they be for him? A voice within him whispered: "No, they will not. They are for one of her own blood—a Negro."

His was a quick and passionate nature, and he was on his feet in a moment, and an expression of jealousy and fury flashed from his eyes as he clenched his fists and exclaimed aloud: "By heavens, I will not give her up! I will be d—— if I do!"

He had been so blinded by his passion that he had not seen the long, lank form of a Negro striding leisurely down the road towards him, and when the man addressed him, he started sharply and swore a terrible oath, asking furiously:

"Who are you, and what the devil do you want?"

The colored fellow, notwithstanding his lankness, was a rather good looking black man, and there was an expression in his keen eyes not unlike that in Vanbrugh's. In fact, this fellow, who was called "Long Tom" was a perfect dare devil—the terror of the Negro inhabitants down in the village. But, possessing a very pleasing manner, he smiled, showing two perfect rows of ivory teeth, bowed profusely, and answered:

"I beg de boss' pardin' if I 'sprised him, but I t'ought you was in trouble an' I mought be able to assist you. My name is Long Tom, sah," and he grinned significantly.

Vanbrugh scrutinized the fellow closely. "Long Tom," where had he

heard that name before? Ah, yes, he was the devilish negro whom he had heard the fellows laughing about at the Grange. But why did the man think he could be of service to him? "You say that your name is Long Tom, and you thought I was in trouble?" asked Vanbrugh.

The man nodded.

"Then you are, so I have heard, a worthless young scoundrel! So tell me, pray, why in thunder did you imagine I needed your help?"

"'Cos I'se de only one what could do

it. But I am feared I made de boss mad, so good day, sah," and he turned to go.

"Stay!" commanded Vanbrugh, as a devilish idea flashed through his brain.

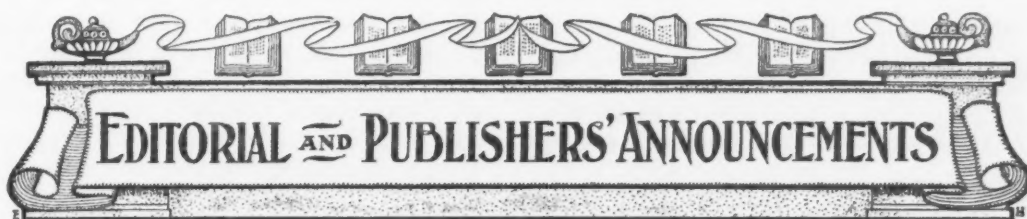
"Can I place confidence in you?"

"Oh, yes indeed, boss."

Vanbrugh looked him steadily in the eye for a moment, then said:

"Meet me here to-night at twelve o'clock sharp. I will be waiting for you. Leave me now, and remember: Silence is golden!" and shoving a crisp bank note into the man's hand, he pushed him gently towards the roadway.

(To be continued.)



COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN F. RANSOM, *President.*

WALTER W. WALLACE, *Vice-Pres. and Managing Editor.*

JESSE W. WATKINS, *Treasurer.*

W. A. JOHNSON, *Secretary and Advertising Manager.*

The expense of maintaining common schools in the South rests upon a comparatively poor people, and is made far more burdensome than is absolutely necessary by the practice of schooling the white and colored children separately. Groaning under the burden, and haunted by a fear that equal education may bring about an industrial, if not a social, equality between the races, the white people are constantly beset with the temptation to shake off the negro part of the burden; and the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, an organ of the industrial South, is finding a wide hearing for its proposal that the common schools be closed to the negro and a kind of industrial training be substituted.

To this proposal Edward Atkinson enters a strong negative, and in a letter to the Record of last week's issue he expresses his amazement at the course of

that paper, which he characterizes as an "awful blunder." He maintains that money put into common schools is the best possible investment from an economic standpoint in any community; and he is at least able to show that those states of the Union which devote the most money to general education per capita of school population are the most advanced and richest industrially. He says:—

"Presently the people even of the poorest states, find that the more they spend, even at the cost of heavy taxes, in developing common schools without regard to color, the more they will gain in property and wealth out of which to meet the necessary cost. Common schools pay better than any other investment, and even from that purely business standpoint there ought to be full co-operation and hearty support to every

well-directed measure by which they can be established."

It is noticeable that the Manufacturers' Record, in its reply to Mr. Atkinson, is entirely unable to controvert this claim. It can only plunge into a theoretical argument respecting the need of different treatment of the two races in the matter of education, which simply means no education for the blacks, in the common understanding of the term.

Presumably the advocates of inequality in race education do not aim to deprive the colored race of common schools directly by force of statute law. That is constitutionally impossible. What is wanted, apparently, is a law providing that the costs of the common schools shall fall exclusively upon the race to which they belong. If the colored people want to support schools out of their own pockets entirely, that is to be their privilege; but no tax money taken from the whites shall go to colored schools.

Congressman Talbert of South Carolina is striving for the democratic nomination for governor on a platform calling for such a division of the school burden on race lines—as if it were not enough that only two-ninths of the school taxes now paid in the state should go to the colored schools when the colored population outnumbers the white. Regarding this proposal, the Columbia State addresses some pretty pertinent questions to Mr. Talbert. The school funds of the state are in considerable part derived from corporations. Are the corporations to be considered colored or white? Are their taxes to be paid into the white school fund exclusively, and if so on what grounds of justice? A manufacturing corporation may show an exclusive white ownership of shares; still its patronage or revenue is partly colored. The railroads—how about their taxes? The colored element is a material supporter of the railroads, which would go bankrupt, says the State, if that patronage were withdrawn. And the conclusion of the Columbia paper is that any fair and just application of Mr. Talbert's plan would result in giving to the colored schools a larger share of the taxes than they are getting now.

But in truth it is idle to consider these schemes of complete race segregation and differentiated treatment in all the great matters of life. The negro is here, and is mingled with the general mass of the population, here he is to remain; and unless this government is to be overturned entirely in respect to principles and institutions looking to the equality of all before the law, equality of treatment by the state in respect to education must be maintained. This is not only economically and socially the wisest course; it is practically the only course available.—

"The Springfield Republican."

If we may judge from editorial and other expressions found in some of our Southern newspapers, there is a large element of whites in the South who recognize the existence of a better element of Negroes and who are growing more and more considerate of their feelings. This is as it should be and may eventually result in the suppression of at least some of the laws enacted and enforced without regard to right or justice.—

"The Southwestern Christian Advocate."

Last week an Associated Press dispatch in the Chicago Tribune gave an account of the burning of a colored man to death near Clayton, Miss. His name was William Odey. The story was told in five lines, that being the amount of space allotted to so shocking a crime. The report said he made a brutal attack upon a woman; that he was apprehended, tied to a tree, saturated with oil and then set on fire.

At this distance it is impossible to glean all the facts now, but the truth will soon develop, and in this case, as in others, it may develop that the victim was put to death on the unsworn, uncorroborated word of a woman, and burned to death for a crime even if committed would have punished a white law breaker only by sending him to prison.

Thus does Mississippi keep up this record of burning, and the conscience of the nation is so seared that the public press passes the burning to death of a human being with only a five line notice!

"The Conservator."

Negroes threaten a revolution unless the practice of lynching members of their race is stopped. Sometimes people have to revolt in order to secure the enforcement of law, but there is no valid reason for the continuation of lynching outlawry. The officers could prevent it if they wanted to; and if the negroes are forced into a revolution in order to enforce the laws of the land, it will be a terrible revelation of our honesty and respect for law. It is a common thing for laboring men to strike in order to have labor laws enforced, but when a whole race are compelled to think of revolt in order to force a people, who boast of civilization, to respect their own laws, it's enough to make one stop and think, and wonder why we are called a law-abiding people anyway.—

"The Appeal to Reason."

As much opposed to the mixing of the races as was the legislature of the state of Louisiana which adjourned a week or more ago, it failed to pass the bill prohibiting the unlawful mixing of the races. Six or seven years ago the law was passed prohibiting the intermarriage of Negroes and whites, and during the late session some unsophisticated member of that body knew no better than to introduce a bill, "to prohibit the living together in concubinage of any white person and Negro or Negress," but he mistook his crowd. It passed the senate but when it reached the house it was "indefinitely postponed." This same body passed the bill for separate seating in the street cars of the state by a vote of 75 to 12. Even consistency is not always consistent, you see. —

"The Southwestern Christian Advocate."

There were before the recent Congress several measures of great importance to the colored people. The movement for the abolition of the "Jim Crow" cars, the question affecting the disfranchisement of colored voters and the appointment of Freedmen's Inquiry Commission were all discussed and debated—were all allowed to die. We do not believe that the Congressmen who volunteered to bring forward these measures, knowing as they did how unpopular they were, would

have dropped them if colored politicians who call themselves leaders had given them intelligent support. The great trouble with our political leaders seems to be that each one is hunting for a job, and those in authority know that all that is necessary to burst the best organized Negro lobby is to promise the leaders a job. The only object many of them seem to have in going as delegates to political conventions is to get in touch with somebody who will promise them a job for their vote. They seem to have no idea of contending for planks in platforms or forcing issues for the benefit of their constituents.

The colored voters throughout the country should remember these men who championed their cause in Congress, and should see to it that they retain their seats. Our men of means should contribute to the campaign fund of every friend the colored people have in Congress. Lip service is good, votes are better, especially in sections where votes are counted as cast, but a few hundred dollars placed at the disposal of a Pennsylvania Congressman by the people of South Carolina will do him and them more good than all the resolutions they can pass. Since the colored people are disfranchised in the South, they must see to it that they elect friends in the North.

We would like to see a National Bureau or Junta composed of good men, regardless of race, who are friends of justice and fair play, formed for the purpose of receiving and disbursing funds in the interest of legislation for the uplifting of the oppressed. This would enable us to help the people of the South and at the same time would give our Southern brethren the right to demand, rather than beg, for co-operation. Those of us who cannot vote in the South would then be able to vote in the North. If we can get nothing by sawing wood let us try rolling logs.—

"The Philadelphia Courant."

An evening paper of Chicago tells its readers that the eighty colored men brought from the South to work on buildings being erected for the University of Chicago are to be sent back at

once. This is one of the results of the strike of steamfitters and other workmen who objected to working with Booker T. Washington's "students."

White men are to take their places and none but union men are to be employed.

"The Conservator."

It is an old saying that if you will give a man rope enough he will hang himself. While the authority was probably not given to the Virginia Constitutional Convention to do what it did, the people of Virginia did afford the opportunity of having themselves imposed upon by allowing a lot of ill selected men to tinker with their constitution. The time seems past in this country when only our best men will be sent to represent the people. It was certainly too much to expect that the personnel of this Virginia convention would be representative of the State's best blood. The State is no longer in the hands of her Madisons and Masons, her Fitzhues and her Lees. Having become sick of the violence and ashamed of the lawlessness of the State, the people agreed that their constitution should be amended for no other purpose than that of making lawful things that by the laws of the nation and the customs of the civilized world are regarded as unlawful. Well did the members of this convention know this. But it is dangerous to knowingly delegate another to do a wrongful act. It was the spirit of revolution that gave birth to this convention, revolutionary methods characterized its proceedings and the results of its laborers are revolutionary, especially in view of their arbitrary refusal to allow the people who delegated them to do the work to pass upon it. Now the better element of the States is threatening to have the whole thing upset by the Courts. In the meantime a portion of the legislature has peremptorily refused to take the oath of office. In the first place there was no need of a new constitution to make more effective restraints upon the Negroes. They were tamely submitting to being disfranchised and all the rest. They being out of the game, a war between the revolutionary and more orderly whites has immediately sprung up and under the circumstances we do not care where it ends.—

"The Philadelphia Courant."

The most disgraceful piece of savagery which has marked the record of Southern outlaws was that which was reported from Salisbury, S. C., a few weeks ago. The victims of the mob were two children; the papers say the oldest was sixteen years and the youngest fourteen years old.

They were lodged in jail and charged with murdering a white woman. There was charge of outrage—the Southern white man's usual excuse. The children were in jail, and if they were guilty they would have been so adjudged by the law of the land and punished as the law decrees. But that did not suit the mob, the prisoners were Negroes, no matter if they were children, and a white woman was murdered. Whether or not both were guilty or one was guilty and the other innocent, it made no difference to the mob. It assembled, deliberately went to the jail, took the boys out and hanged them.

But the shocking spectacle of American white people, deliberately putting two children to death without a trial or investigation, was too much, it seems, even for the civilization of North Carolina, so an investigation was started, and the fact quickly ascertained that at least one of the boys was absolutely innocent of the murder. The mob had not only lynched an innocent person, but the victim of its inhumanity was a child.

Recognizing that such an atrocity would shock the sentiment of the civilized world, the governor at once makes a grand-stand play by offering \$30,000 reward for the apprehension of the leaders. It was estimated that over seventy-five men or more engaged in the lynching and he offered \$400 for the apprehension of each lyncher. Of course he knew at the time that nobody would ever be apprehended, although the lynchers wore no masks and operated without any attempt at concealment.

Weeks have passed and none of the members have been brought to justice, and none will be. The governor knew the farce he was playing when he made his bluff, and he has in no way relieved the state from the disgrace brought upon it by the mob. North Carolina leads the barbarism of the country by its lynching of children.

"The Conservator."

